THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JUNE, 1804.

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Embellished with, I. *Betty Bloss, from an Original Portrait by Mr. Garrard—Engraved by Mr. Scott.*

II. *The Gallant Sportsman, an Etching by Bell.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Exploratus, and his corrections, the postage being paid, are received; but almost all the letters from a certain quarter, and one from Liverpool, not having that indispensible recommendation, have been returned to the post-office *unopened*.

The elegiac Lines on the Death of the Elder Sartorius, and the Chapter of Accidents, are approved. Poetical compositions for the Sporting Magazine, must at least possess harmony, or otherwise undergo the file. The poet instructed in the art of prosody, and yet without a nice ear, will never rise to excellence.

A pastoral, by the late T. Warton, in our next—as also Directions how to ride a Race, from a relative of the facetious Gambado.

The lineal descent of the Muses, by our old friend A. B. shall be inserted without delay.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Scott sc.

Betty Bloss, a famous Trotting Mare.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1804.

BETTY BLOSS.

From an original Portrait by Mr. Garrard—Engraved by Mr. Scott.

THIS portrait was painted, and in the Exhibition, about the year 1784. It was the first performance of our justly celebrated Garrard, immediately after his pupillage under Gilpin, and was acknowledged, on all hands, to be the most perfect possible likeness. The mare was a well known trotting hack, the favourite of Mr. Lawrence, and celebrated in the first volume of his Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses, p. 238. She was got by Sir —— Hales's horse called Commoner, or Conqueror, a winner of plates, which covered in Kent, in 1770, and, we believe, got either by Regulus or Old Crab; her dam by Rattle, son of Old Snip. This Rattle was out of a mare called Mad Hannah, which was once ridden by Jack Rider, upon a race-course, himself disguised as a baker, the mare carrying panniers: she was entered at the post, and won the race. Betty Bloss was bred by a smuggler in Kent; her dam was three parts bred, and a winner of small prizes, commonly called Leather Plates. She passed from the hands of this smuggler to Tom Cammell the jockey; from him to Hyde, at Epsom; from Hyde to Emmerson, at the Riding-school, Mayfair; thence to Bloss, the training groom at Epsom; to a merchant in London; and, lastly, to Mr. Lawrence, who, after having ridden her nine years, sent her into Essex, where she died in 1787, as was supposed, of an apoplexy, being apparently well at night in the pasture, and found dead in the morning. She was fifteen years old; in height fourteen hands three inches one eighth.

It may be perhaps worth while to give some farther particulars on the subject of this most excellent hackney, which probably underwent as great abuses as a creature could well endure, until five years old, when, fortunately for her, she

fell

fell into the hands of her last master, who made her ample amends by vigilant and never-ceasing care and indulgence, to the end of her days; in the mean time, taking full advantage of her extraordinary powers, without ever abusing them. She had the best grooming and shoeing; was never tied up, but either kept loose in a roomy stable, or a small range of ground abroad; had annually two months run at spring grass, two doses of mild physic in spring and autumn, with a daily allowance of carrots throughout the winter. All this care, however, was insufficient to keep her constantly sound, so much had she been injured and strained by early and excessive labour. At six years old, she went totally blind, but was cured; an extraordinary case, which may be seen at large in the Treatise on Horses, vol. 2, p. 499. She was broke very early, and, at three years old frequently carried a man who rode sixteen stone, with a bag of tea behind him, from Feversham to London, without drawing bit—a distance of forty-seven miles. She was yet never apparently mistress of more than ten stone. Afterwards, being in foal to Emmerson's Mechanic, she was most cruelly ridden express, with fourteen stone upon her back, forty-two miles in three hours, over very bad roads. On her return to Epsom, she slipped a colt foal, instantly on being led into the stable, by which she was so much weakened internally, that she never recovered her pristine powers; a circumstance always present to the memory of her last master, in the case of any considerable exertion, and which obtained her many a refreshing pull.

Betty Bloss was lent by her owner, who was not in the sporting line, to various friends, to run galloping matches, although she was so exceedingly slow, that many common-bred hacks would beat her for speed, a short distance: she, however, being fortunately matched against one nearly as slow as herself, won a mile race; and several four-mile matches over Epsom, one, at nine stone each, against a well-bred son of Squirrel, a nag which had some speed and a good stride, and kept the mare distressed and at the top of all she could do, the first two miles; but, on climbing the hill a second time, the mare got a pull, and headed her antagonist, who could never again recover the lead, but was beat a considerable distance. She afterwards gave the same horse a stone, two miles and a half, and was beat. She was also beaten very easy, at two miles, by a three-part bred bay galloway, which won several matches. She required four miles to do the little she was capable of in the galloping way; or an hour, in which she was calculated to do considerable things. It ought to be remarked, that on occasion of lending the mare, the invariable condition was, that she should not be abused, or whipped beyond what was necessary to keep her going; and she would not go at all without some driving.

She was a perfectly fair trotter, but had rather too much blood for that purpose; whence probably arose her deficiency in point of speed in her trot. No hack had ever more trials, and the shortest time in which she could trot a single mile, at her best, with ten stone four pounds, was three minutes and about ten seconds; but she was extremely uncertain at that, and always sure to be beaten with ease, for speed, by all the capital trotters, and often by very middling ones, getting her jockey handsomely ridiculed for pretending to exhibit her as a trotter; a deception that,

in

in sporting hands, would have brought in the cash.

At five years old, she trotted a distance of fourteen miles and three quarters, in fifty five minutes, carrying fourteen stone, which was more than equal to sixteen miles in one hour, with twelve stone; the latter distance in one hour, she could perform with ten stone unhurt.

The year before she died, being weak and decayed, with her feet so bad that she could scarcely be shod, she was matched by Captain R. to trot fourteen miles in one hour. The case was this—A person who knew the condition of the mare, and the determination of her owner, never to trot her again, took the advantage to get a play or pay bet. Captain R. however, prevailed to obtain the mare; but the condition in which she was, forbid all preparation: she was taken out next day, but could not be prevailed on to trot at all, and was full four minutes in hobbling over a single mile, galloping and turning round three times. Two days after, some rain having fallen, and the road become a little soft, the case was altered, and the mare was tried twelve miles, with ten stone four pounds, which she trotted in forty-two minutes and a half, without the least offer to gallop, or any sensible inconvenience. She had plenty of time—seventeen minutes and a half—to have made up sixteen miles within the hour; but, on climbing a hill, the rider thought he perceived a faultering in her, as if from bodily weakness, and being determined—far from injuring—that he would not put her to the slightest pain, he pulled her up at the twelve-mile stone. A jockey who was present, could not discover the reason; of course, the mare was not hurt. She was kept to walking exercise for three days more, and the ground luckily continuing soft, she trotted, with the same weight, and won her match, much to the satisfaction of the noble Captain. There were two stop-watches, and the fourteen miles were trotted in somewhat less than fifty-five minutes, the mare stopping and walking twice within the time, once in order to pass a waggon, and again to go through a turnpike. Indeed the party jogged on in so unconcerned and gossiping a way, that at last it was strongly insisted, a blunder had been made, and that the mare had trotted fifteen miles instead of fourteen. However that might be, neither she nor her jockey were put to the smallest inconvenience by the excursion; and the mare came in so leisurely, that persons passing by, had no idea that it was a race. Treading on a hard stone, however, she *lifted* once, and was turned round.

This mare was a good hunter, and excessively fond of the field; also a very safe and pleasant woman's nag. On account of her bad feet, she was not well calculated for rough roads, nor for night travelling; otherwise wonderfully safe. Her travelling pace was about eleven miles per hour, making two-hour stages; and at that rate, she would go on pleasantly the day through, and feed well, performing sixty, seventy, and eighty miles per day, for successive days; but on being obliged to go eighty-four miles and upwards, in a day, it did not so well suit her, and her stomach failed in a certain degree.

She was not what is generally called a hard feeder, but she fed well and sufficiently: rather light in the carcase, but wide and well filletted; her quarters spreading so as to occasion her to go remarkably wide behind: her fore feet were so well placed, that she could not either

either cut or knock, but from weakness. Sufficiently on her haunches, perfectly well broke, and with the most pleasant mouth; yet in despite of certain new doctrines, she always loved to be *pulled*, whether trotting or galloping. Whilst in a state of hard usage and oppression, she was the most dull and unnoticing of all creatures, her full, staring eyes, appearing like inanimate glasses; but her native spirit soon revived with kind treatment, she became chearful, attentive, and would, in the field, pursue and play with her master, or those to whom she was accustomed, like a favourite dog, or like Astley's managed horses. She had a great share of sagacity, and was perfectly harmless to other animals; among the smaller species of which, she would walk, evidently with caution, least she should tread upon them. Her particular favourite was, a small black cat, which would sit by her, hours together: this cat, with one of her progeny, had the uncommon quality of voluntarily taking to deep water, and swimming like a dog. The mare neither started nor shyed, but if any object alarmed her, was rather desirous to stand awhile and look at it. She was of a disposition so gentle, that the youngest child which could sit on horseback, might safely ride her at any pace.

On the whole, those who knew her best, and tried her most, have judged that, in her prime, she was capable of *trotting seventeen miles in one hour, carrying ten stone*; *of galloping twenty two miles in one hour, with eight stone*; or, *of travelling over the road, one hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours.* She repeatedly walked five miles in one hour. What is almost equally extraordinary with the above, the gentleman who possessed this mare before Mr. Lawrence, begged the favour of him to take her off his hands, at nine pounds, because a certain great judge of horses had informed him, she was good for nothing, not fit for a gentleman to ride, and, at all events, no trotter!

Thus we see the good effects of a just and generous treatment of this noble creature; also the care and attention required to fit horses for great exertions: and that, liberal and cautious treatment presupposed, great feats may be performed without injury or cruelty. The misery of the matter is, it lies too much in the way of the ignorant and the unfeeling; for which reason, were it possible, it would be desirable to keep such examples out of sight.

ANECDOTE.—DUKE OF G.

HAVING in our last Number made superficial mention that a well known distinguished character in the sporting world "was hustled at Epsom, by a horde of pickpockets, and robbed of his purse;" it may not be inapplicable to annex a cynical occurrence which took place immediately after the loss. It having been buzzed among the betting croud, in the sporting ring, that a certain Noble Duke had just had his pocket picked; and this in its circulation happening to reach the ear of little Tiney, the jockey, he instantly exclaimed, "it was impossible to pick the peer's pocket of more than *three halfpence*," upon which the individual who had sustained the loss, and was sitting behind, within hearing, unknown to Tiney; mildly begged to set him right, by assuring him "he had lost no less than *nine guineas*, upon his honour, instead of *three halfpence*."

THE

THE KNOWING ONES TAKEN IN.

AT the last Rural Revels on the Dicker, in Sussex, called the Bat and Ball Fair, the Knowing One's in horse-racing were completely taken in by a younker, who came there just as the horses were entering for a large silver cup, mounted on a shabby looking mare, with her legs bound up, and having the appearance of a complete cripple; the youth, whose exterior was as mean as was that of his mare, said, after surveying three horses which had already been entered, and which were walking about in all the pride of ornament, "Dang it I've a great mind to enter my Old Mare;" the bye-standers smiled contemptuously at the young man, and sneeringly advised him to do so. The deposit having been made, and the mare entered, the youth declared he had a twenty pound note in his pocket, which he would bet, his mare won the cup; the bet was presently taken, and others to nearly double the amount laid. On preparing for the race, the Knowing Ones were not a little surprised at finding the young man's Old Mare converted, by rubbing off a coat of dust and sweat, and by taking the bandages from her legs, into a fine Blood Filly, and the shabby looking youth, by throwing off a ragged coat and waistcoat, was as instantly transformed to a smart looking jockey, in a satin jacket and cap. The race commenced, and the Old Mare, with apparent difficulty, won the first heat; at the second she easily distanced all competitors; and the youth having received the cup and his bets, resumed his shabby coat, remounted his *bit of blood*, and rode off, saying, "I hope, gentlemen, you'll remember the Old Mare!"

HORSE CAUSE.—MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL.

STROULE *v.* DYSON.

THIS was an action on the warranty of a horse. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland on the part of the Plaintiff, a Lieutenant of the 5th Dragoons, had contracted with the Defendant for the purchase of the horse in question, at a sum of seventy guineas. The Defendant sent his servant for payment of the horse, and in the receipt for the price, he warranted him to be delivered sound at the stables of the Plaintiff. The Plaintiff refused to pay the money, till he should insert the words "to the regiment" in place of "at the stables," which the servant accordingly did. A few days after the horse had arrived at the regiment he died, and from the evidence of a veterinary surgeon it appeared, that he had contracted a fever, of which he died; and that he might have contracted it a few hours previous to his arrival at the head-quarters. It was also proved, that the horse was perfectly sound at the time of delivering him at the Plaintiff's stables in town.—A verdict was found for the Plaintiff.

A Rule to shew cause against it was obtained; and Mr. Pullen was this day heard in support of the verdict.

The question for the Court was, whether a servant had a right to change the warranty of his master?

Mr. Justice Lawrence observed, that this was a verdict against evidence, and against law, and ought to be set aside.

Lord Ellenborough said it had been laid down that if a man is a general agent for another, the principal is bound; but if he is only agent for a special matter, he shall go no farther.—The Rule was made absolute.

ASS RACE.

AT Mr. Thelluson's Grand Fête at Foley House, there was a species of amusement entirely new at such kind of entertainments, an Ass Race, which took place on the lawn. About five o'clock in the morning, three of these animals were brought on the course ready saddled, they were mounted by Lord Brooke, Mr. Thellusson, and Captain Upton. The two latter gentlemen were dressed in the true jockey stile, but the former appeared in the character of a *Butcher*, with his tray before him on the saddle. At a given time, Lady Anne Windham dropped her handkerchief, when the steeds started to go three times around the winning post. Much laughter was excited by the different manœuvres resorted to by the different champions, in order to keep down the restive spirit of the animal they bestrode. Lord B. in turning the winning post for the last time, was distanced by Mr. T. who, by flogging and kicking, got a-head of Captain U. and the latter fearing he should be beaten, resorted to a piece of jockeyship, by running his donkey across the course, and upsetting Mr. T. which he accomplished with ease, overturning both the ass and his rider, and by that means arrived at the goal, and claimed the honour of the victory, which was, notwithstanding, decreed by the umpires to Mr. T.

BOXING.

AFTER Ascot Heath Races, a battle was fought between Howard, a carter, and Caleb, a coachman, for a purse of 20 guineas. At setting to, bets were in favour of the former. In the ninth round, however, the coachman displayed superior skill, and gave his antagonist a stunning blow under the left eye, which disabled him during the remainder of the contest.

THE SNAKE AND YOUNG PARTRIDGES.

THE following very curious fact is communicated by a respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood of Blandford, whose veracity is not to be doubted. It may, however, be proper to refer many readers to the natural history of the Snake; and they will learn from high authorities, that however rare such occurrences may be in Europe, they are frequently noticed, in much more wonderful instances, in the other quarters of the globe. We give the relation in our correspondent's own words:—

" James Cox, Mr. Grosvenor's under keeper, in his road to speak to me last Friday, the 15th inst. heard an old partridge in great distress over the hedge in a piece of oats, and judging that some enemy was among her young, he leaped over quick to examine into the matter, but seeing nothing, and still finding the old bird running round him in the same continued distress, looked more minutely among the corn, and at last found a large-sized snake in the midst of the infant brood: and willing to see if any mischief had been done he immediately cut open the snake's belly, when, to his inexpressible astonishment, two young partridges ran from their horrid prison and joined their distressed mother, apparently very well, and two others were found in the same rapacious maw quite dead. Strange as this may appear, it is not more curious than really true!!!

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION OF THE INTERIOR OF ANCIENT CASTLES.

HAVING made the ages of chivalry, and the performance of the knights, the subject of several of our former numbers, we conceive that a description of their dwellings may not be disagreeable to our readers, especially as they are no where more justly described than in Godwin's Life of Geoffrey Chaucer, with Sketches of the Manners of England, in the Fourteenth Century; from whence the following are extracted.

"The word Castle, *castellum*, a diminutive from the Latin *castrum*, originally signified *a little camp*; and the dimensions and plan of the ancient castles are in sufficient correspondence with this idea. The projector ordinarily chose for the site of his edifice a rising ground in the neighbourhood of a river. Having marked out the limits of his inclosure, he then surrounded it with a wall, ten or twelve feet high, flanked with towers, and with a narrow projection near the top on the inside, where the defenders might place themselves for the convenience of reconnoitring, or of using their weapons. Immediately before this wall, on every side, a ditch was hollowed, which was filled with water, where it could be procured, and formed what we call the moat of the castle. A bridge was built over this ditch, or a drawbridge set up on the inside, to be let down as occasion required.

"Another essential part of an ancient castle was the barbacan, or watch-tower, always an outwork, and frequently placed beyond the ditch, at the external foot of the bridge.

"In many castles there was a second wall, of considerably smaller circuit than the first, which was in like manner flanked with towers. In this case, it was not unusual for various works—barracks, a well, a chapel, an artificial mount, and even sometimes a monastery—to be placed between the first and second walls. A second ditch, with its draw-bridge, was sometimes introduced.

"The most important part, however, of that species of fortification, called an ancient castle, was the keep, or house of residence, in which the baron of former times held his state. The walls and towers before enumerated were a sort of extrinsic defence, from which, when the first and second walls were taken by the besiegers, the garrison retreated to the mansion, where they made their last stand.

"The keep, in the sort of fortifications erected in England previously to the conquest, seems to have been generally, if not always, built on the top of an artificial mount, whose summit was nearly of the same dimensions as the plane of the edifice it was destined to receive. From this circumstance it is supposed to have derived its Latin and French appellations, *dunjo*, *donjon* the etymology of which is ascribed by the glossarists, to an old Saxon and French word, '*dun*,' *dune*, a hill.

"Very soon after the conquest, however, great improvements were made in the art of fortification, which are principally ascribed to Gundulph, bishop of Rochester, architect of the white tower in the Tower of London, and of Rochester Castle. So long as the artificial mount was retained, the keep was frequently placed in the exterior wall of the fortification; but, when this contrivance was laid aside as operose and unnecessary, the keep was, for the most part, removed into the centre of the building,

ing. In the construction of the artificial mount, particular attention was given to the rendering it steep, and its summit, except in one point, inaccessible. The portal, therefore, in this plan of building, was placed on the ground-floor. The expedient introduced by Gundulph, with the view of superseding the use of the artificial mount, consisted in carrying up the portal to the second or third story, and leaving no place for entrance on the level of the ground; the form of the keep being commonly square, and the walls ten or twelve feet in thickness.

"In this plan, the entrance was by a spacious stone staircase on the outside of the building. This staircase frequently went in part round two sides of the keep. After having ascended a certain number of steps, there was a strong gate placed, which must be forced by an enemy before he could proceed farther. He then came to what might be called the landing-place, where was an interval, with a draw-bridge to be let down on occasion. This draw-bridge being passed, he next encountered a second strong gate, which was usually the entrance of a tower of smaller height and dimensions, forming a vestibule to the principal tower, or keep. This portal, beside its gates, was defended by a herse, or portcullis, a machine precisely in the form of a harrow, composed of beams of wood crossing each other at right angles, with strong iron spikes projecting from their points of intersection. This machine was fixed as a slider, in grooves of stone hollowed for that purpose, and was worked up and down by a windlass securely contained with the walls of the keep. It was extremely heavy; and, beside the spikes already mentioned, was furnished with other spikes in a perpendicular direction, for the purpose of striking into the ground or floor beneath. The entrance of the keep itself was by a farther portal, separating the principal tower from the appendant one, and provided in like manner with strong gates and a portcullis. The grand entrance is variously placed in the castles of this period; in some, on the second, and, in others, on the third story.

"The keep usually consisted of five floors: one below the surface, which was commonly the prison; the ground-floor, appropriated for the reception of stores; the second story, for the accommodation of the garrison; the third, state-rooms for the habitation of the lord; and the fourth, bed-chambers.

"The accommodations of these times, though stately according to the ideas then prevailing, were such as would appear to a modern observer, slender and inconvenient. Guilford Castle, where King John, in one instance, celebrated his birth-day, had only one room on a floor. The usual number of principal rooms, in that floor which the possessor of the castle appropriated to his own convenience, did not exceed two. The garrison, who occupied the story immediately beneath, were crowded into a small proportionable compass, and slept on trusses of straw. The apartments were also very inadequately lighted. Those below the story upon which the state rooms were placed, received the beams of the sun only through chinks or loops, extremely narrow, and cautiously constructed in such a manner as to afford no advantage to besiegers. In the state-rooms there were windows; but generally small in proportion to the size of the apartments, often but one in a room, broken through the thickness of the wall, and protected by an internal arch, and placed at a considerable height

height from the level of the floor. The state-rooms, however, though few in number, were not small; those in Rochester Castle, which may be taken as a medium, were fifty feet in length, by twenty feet broad.

"The thickness of the walls, usually amounting to twelve feet, was such as to afford room for various constructions within the substance of them, such as wells, galleries of communication, &c. The wells constructed in the walls, some of them, included circular staircases, and others were left open, being destined for the purpose of raising to the top of the building, in the times of siege, beams, and other materials for the making or repairing of military machines. These machines were usually placed upon leads and a platform, contrived for the purpose, above the highest story of the keep. Wells for water were also sunk in some part of the building, but not in the substance of the walls, with conveniences for raising the water to any story of the edifice.

"Another almost universal contrivance, was that of a door, intended as a sally-port, raised several feet above the surface of the ground, but with no external stair leading to it, which was framed to favour unexpected attacks upon the besiegers, yet with every imaginable precaution to prevent the use of it being turned against the besieged. The chimneys were by loops in the walls, similar to those contrived for the admission of light into the lower apartments.

"Another artifice frequently introduced into the erection of ancient castles, was the formation of a subterraneous passage, the commencement of which was in the keep itself, while the other extremity was at some distance without the walls, being intended, like the door last mentioned, for a sally-port, enabling the garrison to issue forth upon the besiegers by surprise."

BRISTOL.

A Ramble to the Cathedral—The Hot-Wells—Retainers at a Gaming-house—King Charles II. and Mrs. Lane—Visit to Captain Turner's Smoking-room—A Leap into the Pille-boat, and Return to the Hot-Wells—A Visit to Mrs. Yearsley, and a Trip to Ratcliff Church—Strictures on Hogarth; with a Set-down at my Hotel in Francis-street.

When some wise men have got a name,
They think to live upon their fame;
But, in a moment unexpected,
They play the fool, and fall neglected.

BUTLER.

IF there be one man in society to deserve the name of "industrious" more than another, it is the pedestrian Rambler. Up with the day-star, he dashes through thickets, and the least frequented places; he fords rivers and caps mountains; bares his front to the tempest; climbs rocks and precipices; and frequently with the evening's close has to seek nourishment and repose among strangers, perhaps the most uncivil! Morning calls him again to repeat his task; and this he heeds not, for the cheerfulness of the birds inspires his spirits, and gives alacrity to his footsteps, till evening once more invites him to close the scene.

I was thus diverting myself with the pleasures of imagination, as I tripped along the College-green, when, correcting my revery, I entered the Cathedral.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL

Is an edifice that has but little to recommend it, except its gloom and its antiquity. After yielding a sigh at the tomb of my old acquaintance, Powel the tragedian, I turned to a delectable tribute raised to the memory of Mrs. Draper, daughter of the celebrated Laurence Sterne, of facetious memory, where the design and sculpture of the tablet must as effectually transmit the merit of the artist to posterity, as the fame of the Lady it was raised to commemorate.

From this melancholy dungeon, I took the road to the charming village of Clifton, and presently joined in the promenade of beauty and fashion at the

HOT-WELLS.

The rocks of St. Vincent struck me with admiration. It appears as if nature, at some early period, had formed an impenetrable barrier between this place and the sea; that she had raised an Andes of stone to shelter the valley from the bustle of the world: but Jove, descending to look on the city of Bristol, reflected it was a pity that a place so well situated by nature for commerce, should be thus deprived of its advantages; when, full of benignity, the god sent forth his fiat; the earth heard and trembled; it felt a dreadful convulsion; the western rocks divided, retired, and became stationary at an awful distance. The river nymph, Sabrina, beheld the wonderful change, and, with the greatest exultation, mingled her streams with the waters of the ocean. They rushed up the deep and winding chasm together, and, with the Frome and Avon, endeavoured to surround the city, which, although they could not perfectly effect, rendered the station a most desirable harbour for ever. The inhabitants, sensible of the great goodness of the divinity, instantly made the best use of his favour, by industriously turning their minds to all the advantages of traffic; and here, at this moment, is a perfect intercourse with the four quarters of the universe.

From the Hot wells to Pille—a town of pilots—is a very pleasant sail in summer time, through these lofty rocks and hanging woods, perfectly sheltered from the heat of the sun; and if the journey be attended by music, the repetitions of harmony from rock to rock is delectable. On each side, considerably above the head, you may behold the quarrymen raising the ponderous masses of stone with gunpowder. The moment the explosion takes place, its repercussion through the winding hollow is more dreadful than peal on peal of the deepest thunder.

RETAINERS AT A GAMING-HOUSE.

"Where the carrion is," says the old proverb, "there the crows will be." As I was mounting the passage at the back of the Wells, to the Down above St. Vincent's Rock, I met Clifford coming out of the billiard-rooms. He appeared in good case, and told me he had been for the last two years an officer in a gaming house, where he was lately raised from a Croupier to a Director, and should soon become an Operator. As those were sounds as foreign to my understanding as the language of Tobolsky, I begged of Clifford to explain; when he told me there were a certain number of gentlemen as Retainers, in every well-regulated gaming-house in England. The first, and of the greatest importance, is the *commissioner*, always a proprietor, who looks in at night; and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.—

Then

Then follow—the *director*, who superintends the rooms—the *operator*, who deals the cards at faro, or any other cheating game—the *croupier*, who watches the cards, and gathers the money for the bank—a *puff*, handsomely paid to decoy others to play—a *clerk*, who is a check upon the puff, to see he sinks none of the money given him to play with—a *squib*, who is a puff of lower rank, and serves at a low salary, whilst he is learning to deal—a *flasher*, to swear how often the bank has been stripped—a *dunner*, who goes about to recover money lost at play—a *waiter*, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room—an *attorney*, the sharper the better—a *captain*, who is to fight any gentleman that is peevish for losing his money—an *usher*, to light gentlemen up and down stairs, and give the porter the word—a *porter*, who is generally a foot soldier—an *orderly man*, who walks up and down on the outside of the door, to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constables—a *runner*, who is to get intelligence of the justices' meeting—beside *link boys, coachmen, chairmen, drawers*, and others, who bring information of danger, at half a guinea each, for every true alarm, *common bail, affidavit-men, ruffians, bravoes*, and *assassins*—*multus cum aliis*, &c.

"A very pretty catalogue, truly!" said I; when Clifford, recognising one of his companions, mingled with the crowd, and bade me good morning.

What an unpleasant reflection follows the conduct of this young man! Descended of an honourable family, well educated, a fine figure, and every way qualified to mingle with, and become the friend of rational society; yet, with all these graces and accomplishments on his side, one ignoble propensity holds all the rest in slavish subjection: Clifford is an unprincipled gamester; he has sacrificed to this idol his nearest relatives, lost his patrimony, and he is met by all the sober, who once esteemed him, with icy indifference. Even beauty wants the power to restore him! Nothing can animate Clifford but the cards, the billiard-balls, and the fatal bones!

KING CHARLES II. AND MRS. LANE.

The morning was particularly tempting. I crossed the Avon; and, entering Ashton Park, the seat of Sir John Smith, Bart. rambled through the whole of these deserted grounds, and took the road towards Pille, with an intent to visit Exton; but one of those hasty showers that give new life to nature, overtook me, and I was obliged to shelter at an antiquated mansion by the road side, where I found all things according with my wishes. While I was complimenting the landlord on the prettiness of his situation, and the goodness of his accommodations—"My house," said he, "stands very high upon the page of history, I assure you, Sir." "Indeed!" replied I. "Perhaps you have never heard the story," continued he; "this is the very house in which Charles II. was preserved by Mrs. Lane, and discovered by an honest publican to be the King." I requested him to relate what he knew of the matter; when he thus went on—

"After the battle of Worcester, the King fled from Boscobel in the night, and, undergoing a variety of metamorphoses, with much difficulty found his way into those parts. As Charles was one morning riding before Mrs. Lane, as her livery servant, that Lady, from her pillion, beheld the Cromwellian troopers descending from the

heights

heights of Dundry. Alarmed at their hasty approach, she advised the King to fall from the horse, to rub his face with the road-mud, and to sham drunkenness. The day had been favourable for the purpose, and Charles found no difficulty in following the Lady's advice. Mrs. Lane dismounted, and, standing over the King just as he had entered upon his new character, was in the act of exercising her horsewhip in the most liberal manner when the troop came up. The Captain, seeing a gentlewoman employed in a way so singular, halted to know the cause of her anger; when Mrs. Lane assured him, that leaving her servant to take care of the horses at the last village, where she had alighted to pay a visit to a sick friend, the rascal had got beastly drunk, and she was correcting him for the offence, and requested the Captain to permit some of his people to help the man on the horse again, that she might, if possible, proceed on her journey; and now the very men who were in pursuit of him, placed the King upon the saddle; and in this condition, Charles and his protector arrived at this house, where his Majesty had another escape the least to be expected.

"Mrs. Lane ordered a dinner and a bottle of wine to be served in immediately, and Charles turned into the kitchen, to wash away the filth from his countenance. The landlord followed, and, lighting a candle, requested the young man to follow with it to the cellar, where he was going to select a good bottle for his lady's dinner. Charles took the light, when the publican having drawn a cork, presented a bumper, with the greatest respect, on his knee—"Be not alarmed, Sire," said he; "I know your Majesty, though in this disguise; and be assured, though a great reward is offered for your precious life, I will keep your secret, or perish." "How do you know me to be the King," cried Charles, hastily. "I served," answered the man, "as butler to the Earl of Derby, and was many years about the court, and am so well acquainted with your Majesty's features, that no disguise can hide them from me." "All this is most strange," returned the King; "but I will believe you an honest man, and trust my life in your hands." The matter was wholly explained to Mrs. Lane; and, by the assistance of this faithful publican, that Lady and the King were conducted by a secret way to a place of safety.

CAPT. TURNER'S SMOKING ROOM.

The effects of the hasty shower being sufficiently dried away, I left my inn, and resolved on a circuitous walk to a landing-place at Pille, and presently reached the pleasant point where the streams of the Frome fall into the saline waters of the Channel, where the only thing I met with worthy remark, was the smoking-room of Captain Turner. It is built upon his gardener's tool-house, about twenty-five feet above the ground, of an octagonal form. Every division is sashed, except that appropriated for the chimney. The inside is neatly painted of a vernal green, and a ventilator so curiously constructed, as to let in the fresh air and draw out every vapour. In the centre of the ceiling there is a wind dial, and, directly beneath, a large table, of the same shape with the room, containing voyages and travels, maps, charts, and some very good prospect-glasses, so that not a single vessel can come up or go out without observation. The views from the west window are almost

almost unbounded; the breezes, salubrious; and nothing in this island can be more delightful. So entirely is the Captain attached to the Virginian fulminator, that his apparatus is of the most costly and elegant kind; and over the chimney-piece he has caused the following lines to be painted in gold letters—

Cum tibris Pandoram armarunt fata venenis,
Fatali eripit pyxide dira lues;
Nunc vere secura dederunt manera divi,
Una fuit pestis pyxidis, una salus.

TRANSLATION.

When with their plagues the gods equipt Pandora,
She ope'd the box like a confounded whore-a,
And of diseases straight flew out a score-a:
But now since Jove, like a good-natur'd brother,
Has given the Indian weed to funk and smother,
One box has made atonement for another.

Having an opportunity to return to the Hot-Wells by water, I stepped into a Pille-man's boat, and soon landed at the Ferry-house, mounted to the Crescent, and entered the Circulating Library kept by Mrs. Yearsley, once known by the name of

THE POETICAL MILK-WOMAN OF BRISTOL,

With whom I had a very friendly *tête-a-tête*. Mrs. Yearsley has a good collection of books. Her library is supported by the contributions of a polite and generous public, with whom she stands in very high estimation, for her ingenious publications and her domestic virtues. She is a very good looking woman, above forty, and the mother of many children. There is no trait of rusticity in her manners, descriptive of low breeding. On the contrary, Mrs. Yearsley may figure with credit to herself in the higher circles. Withal, she possesses a modest diffidence, or that kind of humility always indicative of good sense. Her writing, I am assured by Mr. Speed, who has been her critic, do great credit to her head and her heart. Having made my purchase, I repassed the river, and took my way through several delightful meadows, and a long rope walk, under a rock, and presently entered

RATCLIFF CHURCH,

From the unfinished top of which you behold the Exchange of Bristol, and her twenty churches, her winding waters filled with the ships of all nations, which are so accommodated as to land their commerce at the very doors of the merchants, and that without the smallest confusion, which you experience in so high a degree in your abominable Thames-street, a place that ought to be the widest, and the best for business; but, to the disgrace of the metropolis, the worst, and the least calculated for trade, of any city or town in England. As I mean to make the description of this great town the subject of a future letter, I shall forbear at present to enter farther into its particulars, and shall content myself to finish this day's ramble with what is called here the Rarities of Ratcliff.

HOGARTH.

In this church Mr. Hogarth has hung up three pictures of his own painting, and the present Mr. Tresham, one, at the altar; the latter is the raising of Jairus's daughter: this picture has some merit, and not without its faults, but Mr. Hogarth's are by no means honourable to that name; in plain truth, they disgrace the situation. His picture of the Ascension is compo-

sed

sed of a set of wretched, ragged beggars, such as only suit the scenes of low life. The Angel that sits at the sepulchre in the second picture, looks like a Billingsgate bunter; her shoulders covered with a white sheet, and the Mary coming to inquire after the body of her Lord, the resemblance of a brazen milk woman with a pail upon her cranium. The third picture, called Sealing the Sepulchre, has as little claim to admiration as the other two; the principal figure directing the labourers to seal the stone is very inelegant, and the idea of a man's holding up a kettle full of wax to be melted by a single torch is truly ridiculous; and the insignificance of the seal to complete a work of such magnitude, puts us in mind of the old adage of "Much ado about Nothing."

While Hogarth contented himself with delineating the worst side of human nature, he never failed to draw commendation from the most fastidious critic, and the man of candour was always foremost to lend his breath to swell the trumpet of his fame; but when Mr. Hogarth forsook his fort to tempt the solemnities of sacred history, he was always sure to fail; nay, we may say to sink so low in the bathos of his profession, that he was sometimes totally out of sight. To his cherubic hosts, his celestial messengers, he gave the air of the lascivious and bold prostitute; his saints are like strolling beggars, and his gods too vulgar for the humours of travesty: a greater proof cannot be found than in these three pictures, painted by him, in the great church, called Ratcliff, in Bristol. His Sealing the Sepulchre is a vile composition; the Angel, in its companion, a mere Moll Flanders; and the Ascension Piece, without system, and of course particularly disgusting to the man of taste and genius. I shall speak more of this church in my next. Fatigue bids me relinquish the pen for this day, and I hasten to those comforts that reward industry and renovate the spirits of him who delights most in good fellowship, and who will be ever happy to contribute to your information, amusement, and pleasure.

Hole-in-the-Wall Hotel,
Francis-street. T. N.

ON TREATMENT OF SERVANTS— SIR PUFFINGER PURBLIND, &c.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR.

NOTHING is more gratifying to our feelings, than to meet with attachment in that individual whose assistanee and service fortune has put in our power to purchase. The instances we meet with in history, of the affectionate devotion of servants to their masters, delight us, as they never occur without our feeling a glow of satisfaction and admiration. The unshaken fidelity of a faithful domestic, the last best friend in the hour of adversity, whose love and sense of duty gain warmth and strength, while his master struggles with misfortune, affords a pleasing picture of disinterested virtue, and meets with ready applause from every heart, and not one who reads the tale, but wishes that it was in his power to reward so excellent a fellow creature. It is not wonderful, therefore, that we should feel a laudable desire to render the lives of those as easy and comfortable as possible, who devote themselves to our own service, while we are convinced that our interest and welfare are the objects nearest the worthy

worthy fellow's heart, surely we do right when we endeavour to render the state of servitude as light as possible. We do right too when we take care that there is some provision for him whose length of service has proved his attachment, and who never can have it in his power to recommend himself to another master as he has done to us, who have had the efforts of his best days, and good conduct and fidelity should have their reward; what pretension to justice or humanity has he, who turns an old servant on the wide world worn out and destitute?

But alas! Mr. Wheble, how few are the opportunities of exerting these benevolent sentiments, how few instances do we see around us of disinterested attachment, or attachment of any kind. Far am I, however, from blaming servants in every case, for let us consult our own feelings, and can we wonder that some masters cannot find any to love and reverence them? But there is an understood compact between all masters and servants, the fulfilment of which, each has a right to expect, be they whom or what they may; the one must not be unreasonably severe, the other must be obedient and conscientious.

The very excellent rule of "a month's wages or a month's warning" still enforces obedience, but the absurd indulgence of most masters, and the lamentable depravity of most servants, has, amongst that class of the community, almost entirely extinguished every spark of conscientious feeling. Vales have long been abolished, but perquisites remain a constant never failing temptation to waste and treachery, and from a total neglect of their own affairs, some allow a species of robbery to go on without interruption, till many consider it as a just and equitable perquisite. It is no less shameful than true, that in London there is scarce a bill paid, that some servant does not claim a per centage which the tradesman must charge in the price; and some upper servants will only employ petty shopkeepers who agree to charge twice the quantity of things got, and to pay them the difference. Beside a thousand other ways of destruction and pillage—your wine finds its way out of your cellar—you go out to dinner, your horses are flogged and driven till in a lather, and stand in that state at a taphouse door till Jervis takes a pot of beer with some worthy brother, and perhaps after all, are robbed of their oats to pay the shot—shoals of servants out of place, are fed in your kitchen, who ere long may have it in their power to pay the compliment in kind to those you turn away. Would that this total violation of all honesty, this pestilence of depravity, were confined to its fountain head, the Capital! But alas! Sir, it begins to spread its baneful influence to the most remote corner, and "I can't eat this" and "I must have that" flutters on the lip and wrinkles the faces of our once contented bumpkins. *Sir Puffinger Purblind* arrives from Town with a dozen infected fellows, and as he can't eat a country pullet, brings down a London poulterer! Sir Puffinger hates extravagance, and therefore, as he says, "from mere economy I give 'em port and sherry at the second table, for if I did not, they would drink my claret."—My *Lord Trueblue's* gent. tells the gaping Lady's maids that it costs him ten pounds a year for sweet waters to wash his hair! Why should Thomas and Roger drink small beer when Sir Puffinger gives wine? and why should they have such low wages, when my Lord's gent. can afford to spend ten pounds a year on sweet waters, and Thomas is as pretty a

mon and Roger as proper a *mon* as he? In short, Sir, the whys are so many, and the petitions so frequent, that I can't help wishing all such vain coxcombs as Sir Puffinger at the devil; and so, as our ideas of economy differ so widely, and we have little chance of meeting, I beg leave, through the medium of your Magazine, to offer him my hearty wishes for his prosperous voyage.

BRIMBER CRACK.

POLYGAMY WITH VENGEANCE!

From the Journal des Tribunaux.

JACQUES NOTTIER, an invalid aged Twenty-five, having lost his right leg in the service of the Republic, appeared on the sixteenth Ventose, before the criminal tribunal of the department of the Seine, accused of having married within these last eight months, three different women, Maria Dabaud, Maria Bertrand, and Louisa Perrani, who were all present, and proved their acts of marriage, before the 2d, 4th, and 9th municipalities of Paris. During the trial, it came out that the prisoner had made it, for years, a regular practice to marry a new wife wherever he went with his regiment; and to the knowledge of his own brother, he had already fourteen French wives alive, besides one Italian, one Swiss, and two Dutch women, who had been married to him in those countries, when in garrison or encamped there. Before he was eighteen, he had been divorced, according to the laws of the Republic, from five wives, not included in the above number, by whom he had six children; and the three wives now before the tribunal, all declared themselves to be in a state of pregnancy by him. Being asked by the Public Accuser, if he had many children by the other women not present, though known to be married to him? He answered very coolly, "I had at least one with each woman, and I believe I have as many children alive, as I can count years." He offered to give the name and place of residence of as many wives as he could *remember* to have married; and gave in the names of eleven, in eleven different departments. To gain time to inquire after these women, the commissary of government proposed, and the tribunal consented to put off this trial until the sixth Germinal, on which day, eight of those women, each with a child, came before the tribunal, and identified their faithless husband, who had the impudence to declare, that if he had been a Grand Sultan, that he should have kept them all in his Seraglio, as he loved them all with the same affection. After a trial of three hours, he was found guilty of *bigamy*, and condemned to be punished with a fortnight's imprisonment, and to regard Anna Varois whom he had married nine years ago, as his only wife. To this he refused to assent, saying, that instead of punishment he deserved a reward, and that many persons had been made members of the legion of honour, for less patriotic deeds than his, and that he intended to petition the First Consul for obtaining permission to chuse his *own wife* among his *own wives*.

SPORTING TOUR.

THE well-known Col. Thornton, of Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire, whose sporting celebrity has extended from one extremity

mity of the kingdom to the other; and whose literary effusions have been liberally scattered through many of the most respectable periodical publications, has at length given to the world a more elaborate, permanent, and entertaining production, than any hitherto announced to the public, under the sanction of his own name, during any former period of his life, although that life has been principally dedicated to field sports of the most diversified description. This tour in its title professes to give the particulars of a sporting excursion "through the the Northern parts of England, and great part of the Highlands of Scotland; including remarks on English and Scottish landscape, with general observations on the state of society and manners; and is embellished with sixteen engravings from paintings by Mr. Garrard."

Previous to a critical inquiry into the merits of the work, it becomes by no means inapplicable to explain the motive by which it has been brought before that awful tribunal—the fiery ordeal of cynical examination—*the public*. The best authenticated information has afforded reason to believe, that notwithstanding the tour was made by the Author, at a great expence; that the artists were professionally engaged to attend the Colonel to effect the purposes proposed; that the journal was regularly kept for the intent of being submitted to public perusal; and that the plates were actually engraved for the purpose; yet there are other circumstances which tend to excite a strong suspicion it would never have appeared in print, but upon a principle, the extension of which does honour to human nature. An old acquaintance, or school companion of the Colonel's, having not only been inured to the vicissitudes of adversity, but, according to report, in "durance vile," made some sort of application to the Author for his kind and friendly assistance. Whether the manuscript copy of this work, and the plates ready engraved with it, were accompanied with any pecuniary compliment, is of no material consequence, but certain it is, the copy alone may be considered a very polite and liberal benefaction, when it has produced to the necessitous no less a sum than two hundred pounds from the publishers. This circumstance is not introduced as a trumpet of fame to the Colonel's generosity, but as a consolatory comfort to him, if it be necessary, that "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

We are told in the preludatory matter to the work, that the Highlands of Scotland, through a considerable part of which the tour was taken, have been but little explored, though to the attentive traveller they offer rich food for observation, and to the sportsman an inexhaustible fund of amusement.—That it required a gentleman of Colonel Thornton's fortune, added to his knowledge of hunting, hawking, and fishing, to do, in any degree, that justice to the subject which it evidently merits. In a former excursion, performed upon a much smaller scale, the Author had occasion to lament the want of an artist, who could pourtray with taste, and accuracy, the numerous enchanting views he met with; and to supply this deficiency, as well as to add to the interest of the present tour, he took with him Mr. Garrard, a gentleman of establish'd reputation, from whose masterly paintinigs, the plates which accompany the work were engraved. The Colonel's suit, and the magnitude of his equipage, were in a style equally liberal, and both took up a considerable time in arranging,

ing. The necessary apparatus included two boats, for the purpose of navigating the lakes and fishing. These boats, together with a complete camp equipage, guns, fishing tackle, and every article likely to be wanted in a country where they could not be so readily procured, were put on board the Falcon sloop, which was engaged for the expedition, and was manned with a master and two mariners. For land travel, in addition to the horses, there were a gig and two baggage waggons; and the party, which consisted of the Colonel and his friends, a valet, groom, waggoner, falconer, boy, and other servants, adopted the one or the other of these modes of conveyance as was found most convenient.

The project of an encampment proved of astonishing utility; by these means, three or four gentlemen, with their servants, hawks, dogs, nets, guns, &c. could be accommodated, whenever they saw any beautiful spot that promised to afford them sport, and where they might halt as long as they pleased, without being obliged to trust to the precarious entertainment of an Inn. Matters thus agreed on, it took three weeks to get every thing completed, in London; and seeing every thing put safely on board a York vessel, previous to leaving town, the party arrived in high spirits at Thornville by the latter end of May—but in what year does not appear—and found every thing safe arrived, but the boat and a kitchen: the first of which was afterwards received; but the latter, by the magic of Mr. Merlin, the maker, never appear'd. Every thing being prepared, the Colonel hired a cutter, and embarked all his stores, servants, guns, dogs, nets, oatmeal, beans, &c. together with two boats: the whole being ready for sea, only awaited a favourable breeze, which soon sprung up. In addition to the sloop named the Falcon, he named his largest boat the Ville de Paris, as a small tribute to the brave Lord Rodney, whose singular good fortune, in taking the commanders in chief of two squadrons of France and Spain in one war, is hardly to be paralleled in naval transactions. The other boat destined for the use of the fishers and artists, was named Gibraltar; and it being the fourth of June, the whole of the crew and dependants were ordered an additional quantity of flip, to drink the health of their most gracious Sovereign upon the occasion; and then trusting to the good fortune which attends every thing done on this auspicious day, the Author and his friend Mr. G. were set on shore, the sails were spread, the crew gave a salute, and, with colours flying, the vessel fell down the Ouse for Hull. At this place she was to take in biscuits, porter, &c, as well as small beer, and then set sail for Forres, the nearest port to Raits, at least the most convenient for procuring carriages to convey the stores, now increased to a considerable bulk.

The vessel thus despatched with a fair wind, the Colonel and his friends accepted the polite invitation of the Lord Mayor of York to dine with him, and join in commemorating the birth day of his Majesty. Every thing was now put in motion; all being ready for departure, the party quitted Thornville—the day delightful—pursued their way through a most beautiful and romantic country—the scene bounded by picturesque hills, finely clothed with woods, and the verdure charming; when, having passed through several places of lesser note, they at length arrived, by the old Roman road, at

Aldborough.

Aldborough. This ancient town, bearing at present only the appearance of a neat little village, is celebrated in history, as having been a large and populous city in the time of the Romans, the walls and fortifications of which are levelled with the ground, and were long since traced by Leland, Camden, and other antiquaries. Many fragments of Roman pavement in Mosaic work are to be seen here, and of these Mr. Garrard took a drawing, which appears in a plate of the work. From Aldborough they proceeded to Boroughbridge, no more than a pleasant half mile, where they dined. While dinner was preparing they took a view of those great curiosities, the three pyramids in the adjacent fields, vulgarly called the Devil's Arrows, which have puzzled all our most celebrated antiquarians. Of these Mr. Garrard took a sketch, which however does not appear in the book. Took leave of this interesting spot, and proceeded for their friend's Mr. L. at Northallerton—Mr. P. who preferred riding on horseback to the gig, going on before to apprize him of their intention.

Bedale, a small, bad town, thro' which they passed, only remarkable for one tolerably spacious street, and very slippery pavement. Continued their route to Speningthorne—road wretchedly indifferent. The situation of this place, beautifully romantic, the scene bounded by picturesque hills finely clothed with wood, the verdure charming, and the prospect much heightened by the fair and pleasant town of Middleham. Marske is a very old gothic mansion, but its situation for wood and water is excellent, and the park is well laid out, and commands an extensive view. Tasting some beverage here, though without accepting an invitation to halt, and having surveyed the stud then on sale, they pursued their journey through a pleasant country, till at length they arrived within sight of the ancient town of Richmond. This town is delightfully situated on a hill or mount, at the foot of which, is a rich fertile valley, and from these circumstances, with a very trifling variation in the word, it derives its present name of Richmount or Richmond. The road to Topcliffe is excellent, and in passing it they had pleasing prospects of Lord Grantham's seat of Newby, and his fine plantations. Then follows much multifarious, but uninteresting descriptions of eating, drinking, and sleeping, till their arrival at the ancient city of Durham, and of which Mr. Garrard has given two plates—the execution excellent. Made an excursion to Bywell, the seat of Mr. F. J. and viewed the descendants of that formerly so celebrated stallion Match-'em, who died but a few years since, and from the great repute he was held in, produced to the owner a very handsome income, for many years, exceeding all his cotemporaries, and though turned of thirty years of age, was free from disease and infirmity to his death.

Leaving Durham, they soon reached Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at the time of the races—the town alive, but the sport not worth seeing—the races not ill attended, but the racing part the most uncomfortable thing to be conceived—no stand, unless an erection of some coarse boards, but which neither protects the company from wind nor weather, can be termed so. Cock-fighting seems likely to flourish here, more than in most parts of England; and this favourite amusement was every where the topic of conver-

sation,

sation. Dined, approved Mr. Garrard's drawings just taken, drank a few glasses and proceeded for Morpeth: not without admiring the infinite pains and expence, bestowed by Mr. Brandling in improving his estates; in the centre of which stands a very handsome mansion, waiting for protection from some infant plantations in a very thriving state. The inn at Morpeth is good, but not shewy; the Author sent for King the dog-breaker*, who had supplied him with setters some years since as he passed to college. Found him uncommonly well for a man of his age; which proves that air and exercise tend not only to preserve health, but, by that vigour which they give the constitution, promote longevity. After a most minute and uninteresting detail of insipidity in repeated recitals of "breakfasting, dining, supping, and sleeping," travelling up hill and down without a single anecdote to excite surprise or irritate the risible faculties of the reader, a favourite pointer attending them is fallen upon by a mastiff, and producing a complicated fray of both men and dogs, is thankfully terminated with a sublime quotation from the Colonel, that "they manage these things better in France."

Having passed the dangers of the dog, and surmounted the difficulties of a most execrable road, we are told, they in good time reached Wooler-Haugh-Head, an uninteresting town, and the inn as dreadful as the surrounding scenes are enchanting, when after dining, which is always emphatically described, they mounted their hackneys, rode briskly on, leaving Milfield plain, on the right, in order to get an hour or two's fishing in the pleasant waters of Teviot. Here the Author raised and killed a few tolerable trout; his companion not so fortunate, and blamed his bad luck; but the Colonel desirous of seeing his cockney-mode of fishing, perceived he fished with a fly, as he would, with a worm. In a few hours they had killed 39 trout, packed up their tackle, and repaired to the inn. On the 10th of June proceeded by Mindrums.—Made an attempt to fish Loch Wacup.—prevented by the wind which blew a hurricane. Killed several white birds with a fowling piece, which proved to be Kittiwakes; as they had taken a cross-road and had no guide, they could not ascertain when they entered Scotland, but were informed, that a rivulet between Mindrum and Kelso, crossed by a bridge, is the boundary. Over this bridge they passed, and on the right hand had an indistinct view of Coldstream bridge. The entrance into Kelso is delightful, with a view of the Duke of Roxborough's house, which is a most excellent residence, and of which Mr. Garrard has given a most faithful representation.

From hence they proceeded to Dalkeith, and upon the road were not a little surprised to find they were stopped in their progress by a number of people crowded together to hear a person who occasionally peeped out of a sentry-box. Upon inquiry it proved to be a *parson* preaching to a half drowned audience in a *torrent of rain*. This rain prevented Mr. Garrard's taking some of the most beautiful and romantic views in the environs of Edinburgh, to which they were approaching in dreadful showers, almost incessantly falling, that involved the whole country in such a density of vapour, as totally to preclude all perception of distant objects; whilst the extreme heaviness of the roads added a weight to every

* It is not inapplicable to suppose he studied sporting there.

step

step they took. The *carters*, or rather the *car-drivers**, a set of men who, affecting English liberty, drive against the carriage of every peaceable traveller they meet, are, on the approach to this city, a perfect nuisance. Even the law is unable to cope with these gentry, who, as a body, defy all correction, and really ought to be noticed by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood at large. To which the Author adds, "it is fortunate that the carts—or cars—which they drive, are but small and lightly laden, otherwise his Majesty would annually lose a great number of his subjects."

Reach Edinburgh—riots at Leith—meet the Earl of Glencairn and Sir Thomas Wallace—purchase various sorts of cheese, together with Yorkshire hams, rein deer, and other tongues, hung beef, &c. with an additional quantity of fishing tackle, from the famous M'Lean. The baggage waggons were ordered to be ready for setting off in a few days, by Stirling, for Raits—visited the theatre, where Mrs. Siddons then happened to perform. June 17, left Edinburgh—after travelling some miles, found the road better than in any part between London and Edinburgh; and it is said they drive it post as expeditiously as on any part of the English road. Stopped at the Kirk of Shots, but found the inn so bad, and the guests so inebriated, that they proceeded to Holly-Town, through a very bleak and dreary country, enlivened only by the seats of Lord Lauderdale, Lord Morton, and Sir W. Cunningham. Nothing new or entertaining in the plodding recital of travelling seems to have occurred till they reached Glasgow, on the 20th, where for a week they basked in the genial rays of hospitality, of which an account is given, but too barren to excite a smile. June 27, bid adieu to Glasgow, and soon reached Dumbarton, of which castle Mr. Garrard has given a plate. In jeopardy upon the road—a sudden jerk broke a trace—could not stir a yard till a cobler was procured to mend it. June 28, a delightful ride, with a nearer view of Port Glasgow and Greenock — here breakfast is again most luxuriously described—eating, drinking, and fishing, seem, in the aggregate, to have constituted the sole "god of the Author's idolatry." Pass over a ridge of moors which divide Loch Lomond from the Frith of Clyde—Pero, the favourite pointer, unexpectedly observed standing, of whom Mr. G. took a sketch: when he had so done, they walked up to the game, which proved to be a pack of twelve well-grown grouse. Mr. P. one of the party, not knowing the treachery of the soil, got his horse up to the skirts of his saddle in a bog, tearing his coat, and considerably bespattering himself. The following day visited the extensive manufactory of calico-printing and bleaching, which undertaking is conducted chiefly by young women; but as far as personal charms were in question, the Colonel confesses himself disappointed, saying that out of fifty, there was scarcely one even tolerable. After a pleasant saunter, and having swallowed a little half-highland air, being only four miles from the bridge of Freume, which divides the Highlands from what is there called the low-country, they sat down to what the Colonel so regularly gives an account of, in almost every page, a breakfast; "the butter," he observed, "was peculiarly excellent, but

* Probably a little of the Author's caprice and ill-humour in consequence of the rain.

the

the honey, it was thought, partook of the flavour of the wild heath, though by no means unpleasant."

N.B. Sublime remarks, and wonderfully adapted to the refined sensations of a modern tourist.

Breakfast over, walked by the side of the river; in a short time killed some pretty good trout, then procured a boat at the moss of Balloch, near the mouth of Loch Lomond, to reach the island of Inchmerin. Mr. Stirling, of the bleaching grounds, and the ladies of his family were of this party, and all soon landed at the romantic Inchmerin, the most considerable island on the lake, being nearly two miles in circumference, delightfully wooded, and plentifully stocked with deer, besides, what may not be thought so pleasant an accompaniment, a few wild bears, turned in there by Lord Graham. From the latter, however, no injury was received! —Killed eleven trout, and got home in good time to supper.—Bravo! Justice Guttle would have exclaimed, had he been of the party. Recollecting the salmon the Colonel had seen leap the day before, he went in pursuit of him the following morning, and to the surprise of his companion the artist, killed the captain and four of his crew; the former weighing forty-one pounds, the others from nine to twenty-two pounds. All this was performed before breakfast; and after breakfast the party took leave of Mr. Stirling's family, faithfully promising to return in autumn. After a profusion of littleness, in a recital of the warm sun and no breeze, with a repetition of finely-flowing phrases, "finest lakes—noblest range of elegantly-formed mountains—islands clothed with verdure"—the Author tells us the country surpasses every other for fishing of all kinds, and every species of shooting, cock shooting in particular. Not less than one hundred wood-cocks, besides snipes, hares, partridges, ducks, and some few black game, has he seen in one day, during the different excursions he made in this neighbourhood. Here Mr. G. has introduced a plate of the Isle of Inchmerin. In rowing round which, the Colonel with his never-failing fowlingpiece and patent shot, No. 2, brought down a mallard, which Pero—a pantomimic pointer, or setter, it is to be presumed—as eager as any Newfoundland dog, soon brought to hand. Landed, and by getting behind the fragment of a rock, got a shot at a cormorant, and brought him down. Pero again—it seems land or water all the same—rendered every assistance; the bird was only severely wounded, and dived frequently; the dog, however, stuck close to him, and by forcing him within gun reach, another shot deprived him of life; and Pero—an almost amphibious animal—brought the bird to land, highly satisfied with his own efforts and the applause he obtained. The most patient and least cynical reader must, in such a farrago, such an infinite deal of nothing, indignantly exclaim, "they make more of these matters than they merit."

After a few descriptive flourishes of the next day's exploits in hooking one fish and killing another, the reader is indulged with a long shot at a ragged old raven, who being only wounded in the first attempt, afforded opportunity for a long chase, and the second shot brought him to the ground. Here follows a most uninteresting detail of many pages, consisting entirely of going to bed—rising early—proposing one thing, and performing another—till a grand epoch arrives in the return of the first of July.

"Shot six ducks, three sea-gulls, one scart, one raven.

"By

"By trolling—one perch, seven pounds; one trout, six pounds and a half.

"With fly and worm, fifty-seven trout, ninety-four perch."

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS OF A CI-DEVANT GAMESTER.

JACK LURCHALL started upon the town with a fortune of near two thousand a-year. He was soon introduced into what is called good company; that is, gentlemen gamblers. He thought it a great honour to sit down with a star, or a ribbon, and believed it impossible for a nobleman to be a cheat. His trees were felled by wholesale, the timber converted into cash, and the cash conveyed to the gaming-table, never to return. Still he kept the best company in England; and though he was unlucky, was certain he lost his money to gentlemen. The timber demolished, the dirty acres went next; mortgage succeeded mortgage; and at length foreclosures, the whole.

"How is all this?" said Jack, to an old school-fellow, who had been some time in the secret. "Why, you blockhead you knew nothing of the long-shuffle, the slip, the bridge, or the palm. Can you cog a die, and throw a main when you please? Did you ever plumb the bones?" "Heyday," said Jack, "what language are you talking; it is all gibberish to me."

"That is the very thing," replied his friend; "and until you are a perfect master of the language, both in theory and practice, you will never win as long as you live." "Is this possible," resumed Jack; "what, then I have been playing with sharpers all this while, when I thought I was in company with noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank. Curse upon my vanity; for the sake of riding in a chariot with a titled scoundrel, and being taken by the arm by him in the drawing-room, have I been losing my estate to noble gamblers, and reducing myself to beggary."

"Well, never mind it;" said his friend, "you know, as the French author justly observes, *L'on commence par être dupe, et l'on finie par être fripons*—'We commence dupes and end knaves.' Call at my chambers to-morrow, in the forenoon, and I will give you a lesson or two that will enable you to cope with the best of them."

Jack took his friend's advice, and soon became such a proficient in the noble art of cheating, that he could cog a die with Lord ——, or slip a card with Blackleg H—ge.

But the greatest misfortune was, his cash was all exhausted, and he had not a proper variety of clothes to make his appearance at the chocolate-house. He was, therefore, obliged to put up at the Pine Apple or the Cocoa, in hopes of a favourable stroke that might enable him once more to figure in that brilliant circle, where he had shone a meteor, but was now totally eclipsed.

Revenge, as well as ambition, urged him to the pursuit; but months rolled away whilst he could just keep life and soul together, by his honest industry at the hazard-table. In the meanwhile, he had created many debts, and was obliged to play at hide and seek, to

to avoid the impertinence of those very intrusive gentry called catchpoles.

At length, however, an auspicious moment arrived. The lottery began drawing; and this appeared to him as his last resource. Jack, who had for a considerable time made calculation his chief study, and knew practically the odds at every game that is played, once more became a dupe to the dealers in insurance, and played now at least 50 per cent. against himself, without mentioning the odds against being paid, if even successful, though at the same time he would not touch a card, or throw a die, unless he had an equal pull in his favour—So very inconsistent a being is Jack Lurchall.

Two of the office agents had decamped, where he should have touched handsomely; a third, in which he was pretty deep, was sent to the House of Correction, before Jack could receive the ready; and a fourth, where he next insured, was in a precarious state, when, alas! a most fatal accident befel poor Jack. The bums had dogged him to the office, and, at the very critical moment he thought he was upon the point of retrieving his fortune, and being completely revenged of the noble —no, *ignoble*—sharps who had so completely fleeced him, he was nabbed, and conveyed to a spunging-house, where, having exhausted all the little cash he was possessed of in a few days, he was carefully and attentively escorted to the other side of the water, and met with a welcome reception from the turnkey of the King's Bench prison, where he remains, under the consolation, that he is well assured by his fellow inmates, that an act of insolvency will pass this session of parliament.

ROYAL TIGER.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer, at Buckenkera, near Seringapatam.

I HAD fixed the theodolite, and was taking an observation on the high hill, seen S. W. from Seringapatam, and the few country people along with me were sitting at some distance below, on the right, when a royal tiger having come very near me, to the left, unperceived among the rocks, watching his opportunity, had actually commenced his spring; when turning round at that instant, and having nothing else in my hand, I threw my hat in his face, which being unexpected, startled him, and he alighted about three yards short of me, on the stone on which I was standing; and, seemingly ashamed of his ill success, he gave an hideous roar, and disappeared among the rocks. The people on hearing, although few of them saw him, became almost petrified. I immediately armed, and followed him a little way, but without success.

After finishing my observation, I took a loaded musket with a bayonet, and a brace of pistols, and went down half way to the bottom of the hill, almost alone, as few of the people would venture with me, and gave directions for them to make a noise at the top, and throw stones down among the craggs: this, however, through fear, they did very clumsily, and without effect; when I happening to throw a stone immediately before me, the savage animal came out with a dreadful howl, open-mouthed. At that critical instant, I discharged the piece, and with such fortunate effect, that he fell on the spot. On his first appearance, the few that had

had come down with me fled precipitately, except a sepoy and a half-cast boy. Having no means of retreat, in the situation I was, in case of accident, and fearing the effect of the blow might be only a stun, I instantly rushed on the monster, and lodged the contents of a brace of horse-pistols in his breast, which I also transpierced with the bayonet at the same time. This finished his struggle; and his skin is now in my possession as a trophy. He measured ten feet three inches, from the point of his tail to his nose, and his tusks were three inches long. He was, I imagine, an old offender, as the bones of a human hand were found almost entire in his stomach.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS IN SWEDEN, &c.

THE season of summer is the time when the nobility and gentry retire to their country houses, which are fitted up with great magnificence and luxury. Those villas are for the most part pleasantly situated, and embellished by works of art, which second and improve the efforts of nature. You there find hot-houses, in which they raise peaches, pine-apples, grapes, and other fruits. All kinds of wines, liquors, and other delicacies, are lavished at the table of a Swedish gentleman, or rich manufacturer, or merchant, in the country.

On the twenty-fourth of June, or Midsummer-day, the king and royal family come to the park, near Stockholm, where they take up their abode in tents for the remainder of the month, that is, for the space of nearly a week. A camp is formed of the garrison of Stockholm, composed of two regiments of foot-guards, some companies of horse-guards, and a corps of artillery. Along the lines of the camp they raise poles or posts, adorned with branches of ciphers, and sometimes scutcheons with mottos or devices. At the foot of the posts are placed barrels of beer on wooden frames. About six or seven o'clock in the afternoon, on a particular signal, the barrels are opened, when each soldier is presented with a pipe, a loaf of bread, two herrings, and some money. All this is done at the expence of the officers. In the mean time the military music plays, and the soldiers begin to drink and to dance. Upon each of the barrels sits a soldier, in the form of a Bacchus, or of some other figure more or less ridiculous. Those that are dressed up in this manner first taste the liquor, and propose the toasts, which are generally numerous, and constantly accompanied with the cry of *vivat*, answering to the English huzza. When any of the royal family, or a general officer, chance to pass by, their healths are drank, and always with the same accompaniment of *vivat*. A kind of masquerade ensues for a short time, during which the soldiers amuse the people that flock round them in the lines of the camp, with songs; and indulge themselves in various freaks and acts of merriment. On the beating of the retreat every thing is submitted to the reign of order. Such festivals, without diminishing respect, certainly tend to excite in the soldiery and people an interest and attachment to the royal family.

The Swedish dinner-parties are expensive arrangements of shew and formality. It will often happen, that out of forty or fifty people, who appear in consequence of an invitation sent with all possible ceremony,

remony, and perhaps a week or a fortnight before the appointed day, scarcely three or four know one another sufficiently to make the meeting agreeable. A foreigner may fare still worse, and have the misfortune of being seated near a person totally unacquainted with any language but his own.

Before the company sits down to dinner, they first pay their respects to a side-table, laden with bread, butter, cheese, pickled salmon, and liquor, or brandy, and by the tasting of these, previous to their repast, endeavour to give an edge to their appetite, and to stimulate the stomach to perform its office.

After this prelude, the guests arrange themselves about the dinner-table, where every one finds at his place three kinds of bread; flat and coarse rye bread, white bread, and brown bread. The first sort is what the peasants eat; it is crisp and dry: the second sort is common bread; but the brown, last mentioned, has a sweet taste, being made with the water with which the vessels in the sugar-houses are washed, and is the nastiest thing possible.

All the dishes are at once put upon the table, but no one is allowed to ask for what he likes best, the dishes being handed round in regular succession; and an Englishman has often occasion for all his patience, to wait till the one is put in motion on which he has fixed his choice.

The Swedes are more knowing in this respect, and, like the French, eat of every thing that comes before them; and although the different dishes do not seem to harmonize together, yet such is the force of habit, that the guests find no inconvenience from the most opposite mixtures. Anchovies, herrings, onions, eggs, pastry, often meet together on the same plate, and are swallowed promiscuously. —The sweet is associated with the sour, mustard with sugar, confections with salt meat, or salt fish.

As a kind of contrast to the diversions of summer, let us now hear Mr. Acerbi describe the appearance of winter in the streets of Stockholm.

"The snow," says he, "that begins to fall in the latter weeks of autumn, covers and hides the streets for the space of six months, and renders them more pleasant and convenient than they are in summer or autumn, at which seasons, partly on account of the pavement, and partly on account of the dirt, they are often almost impassable. One layer of snow on another, hardened by the frost, forms a surface more equal and agreeable to walk on, which is sometimes raised more than a yard above the stones of the street. You are no longer stunned by the irksome noise of carriage-wheels; but this is exchanged for the tinkling of little bells, with which they deck the horses before the sledges. The only wheels now to be seen in Stockholm are those of small carts, employed by men-servants of families to fetch water from the pump in a cask. This compound of cart and cask always struck me as a very curious and extraordinary object, insomuch that I once took the trouble of following it, in order to have a nearer view of the whimsical robe in which the frost had invested it, and particularly of the variegated and fantastical drapery in which the wheels were covered and adorned. This vehicle, with all its appurtenances, afforded to a native of Italy a very singular spectacle. The horse was wrapped up, as it seemed, in a mantle of white down, which, under his breast and belly, was fringed with points and tufts of ice. Stalactical

lactical ornaments of the same kind, some of them to the length of a foot, were also attached to his nose and mouth. The servant that attended the cart, had on a frock which was encrusted with a solid mass of ice. His eye-brows and hair jingled with icicles, which were formed by the action of the frost on his breath and perspiration."

GAME LAWS.

A MEASURE is said to be in agitation to bring forward, in the present session, by way of amendment, an act to prevent qualifications for sporting extending to persons possessing less than L.300 per annum freehold estate, and to augment the fine for killing game to L.10.

I cannot but regret that, in the civilized age in which we live, and at a time when we boast so much of rights and privileges, laws such as the Game Laws should receive additional vigour, to oppress the subject. They are incontrovertibly the most oppressive in their nature, unjust in discrimination, and pernicious in their consequences, of almost all that we labour under—none more so. A learned member in the law, of honour and feeling, has publicly pronounced them so vexatious, that they will admit of no extension; that they should not be strained to the utmost, and yet they are to be made still more severe. To palliate this, the observer has remarked, that the sum will only bear a proportion, in value, to the time these laws were first imposed. This is no extenuation; it will deprive many of the privilege they now enjoy by law, and will be still more partial: it will be the means of these laws being more frequently and coercively exercised by receiving new life; and laws already so obnoxious for incongruity and oppression, should not receive farther sanction and support from parliament: they ought to be blotted out of record, and dropped in oblivion. Besides, if time and change have in part outgrown and temporized the harshness of arbitrary laws, does it follow that they should be reinforced and placed in their primitive state of severity? It might be argued, that if there were no restrictions against killing game, the husbandman and many others might prosecute their pleasures to the injury of their families. That this restraint can be dispensed with we know from the example of other enlightened nations; and I do not judge so favourably of the intentions of the enactors of these laws, as to believe that this was ever a consideration, or they would have been more lenient; this would be correcting an evil, by passing a law to abuse. Every man who knows the principles of these laws, and reflects, must feel a full conviction that the injuries sustained by individuals, from their rigour, are essentially greater than could possibly arise from a pursuit of so rational and harmless a nature. I have known many, and at this day know an instance of a poor labourer being convicted for killing a hare, on the manor of a magistrate, in the full penalty of twenty pounds, a sum far beyond his reach, confined in prison, and his wife and two children committed to the care of the parish.

I am sorry to say I have observed an unrelenting inflexibility in country magistrates, in levying fines of this nature upon persons in low situations; and unfortunately, it very frequently happens, that an epicure in game is a Justice of the Peace, and in this case he has every opportunity of maliciously indulging a sordid propensity, by rigidly inflicting the

Game

Game Laws in all their gross impurity. What a dirty passage they form in our Code of Civil Laws, for inasmuch as the gritty pebble would seem insignificant in comparison with the most splendid and pellucid jewel, so do the Game Laws appear worthless and contemptible, when compared with those which form the political freedom of our constitution and which I contemplate with pride.

I have made these remarks solely on the credit of my information; but I trust that, in the event of this motion being made, there are men in the senate whose integrity to the interests of their constituents, whose disgust at infringements upon the rights of Englishmen, and whose love of liberty, will inspire them with an honourably patriotic warmth firmly to reject, and treat it with condign disdain. Far distant be the day, when the spirit of opposition shall dwindle into servile subjection. The light in which the Game Laws are viewed by well-thinking men is doubtless; but whatever may be the more general opinion, they will ever be considered irreconcilably inconsistent, by

DEMOCRITUS.

A DISORDER PREVALENT IN WAR TIME.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I HOPE your family has escaped the dreadful malady which I hear prevails throughout the town, spreading devastation throughout all ranks, and causing the aged eyes of the fond parent to be deluged in tears for the darling of his hopes.

This malady is chiefly confined to the female sex, and rages with such violence, as to thin many families, and occasion much misery; several of the boarding schools are infected with it to an alarming degree, and some ladies have been sent to try if change of climate will be of service. Many of the unhappy patients, for fear of their taking some fatal remedy, are placed under close confinement; and others are sent to asylums, in hopes that the governantes will be able to restore them to reason. This extraordinary disease deranges the intellects so much as to place its unhappy victims in a very ludicrous point of view; many of the poor sufferers, in a delirium of vanity, are led to believe that their amiable qualities and unrivaled sense have made the deepest impression on some unknown person, who indeed, Mr. Editor, never even heard them speak; and such is the weakness of intellect occasioned by this prevalent disorder, that it makes them a prey to the most absurd nonsense. Several had dreamed of bliss in a jaunt to Scotland, and with the greatest secrecy prepared for the expedition, but the care of some kind parent or friend has prevented the rash suggestions of their disordered imaginations; and I sincerely hope it will effect a complete cure. I hear of many that have been afflicted in a less degree, but a companion called Common Sense, assisted by a friend named Reason, have been able to baffle the disorder, and I hope there is no fear of a relapse. The symptoms of the disorder are various; among the principal of them are, frequent sighing, absence of mind, listlessness, and inattention to what is passing, except in particular company and on one particular topic. A remarkable attachment to military music is observable, and clothing of a deep red hue attracts more regard than any other colour. When the disease is at the crisis, the patients are uncommonly desirous of a

jaunt

jaunt in a post chaise, a passage through the back door or window, or a trip up or down a ladder, to the no small danger of their necks. The variety of cases and stratagems used by the afflicted, to elude the circumspection of their friends and attendants, are too numerous to insert.

But methinks you are ready to say, what the duce is the name of the complaint? Nay, don't swear, Mr. Editor; 'tis no other than the *Scarlet Fever!* in the propagating of which many of our military gentlemen seem to take great pains, and apparently find much pleasure, at the expence and ruin of many female characters and constitutions. Whatever the conduct of the ladies may be, yet believe me, Mr. Editor, these gentlemen are not wholly exempt from reproach; for did they attend more to tactics and less to dress, minding the duties of their profession more than sporting with the simplicity of girls, it would redound more to the credit of the army, and we should shortly see the soldier the more accomplished gentleman, and the better man. The illiberality with which the defenders of our country are frequently mentioned, I condemn. The generality of the military, I am sorry to confess, deserve censure, but there are, no doubt, many worthy characters who are an ornament to human nature. Did they in general consider, that it is on them a nation relies for defence against internal and external enemies, their conduct would soon silence calumny, and instead of their Quixotical exploits in rescuing poor distressed damsels from the tyranny of despotic parents, we should look up to them as the protectors of the fair, and the guardians of our laws and liberties. Wishing the poor sufferers a return of their reason I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

Hull. FANNY M****

FRENCH AND ENGLISH INNS.

LA Rue Bouloi, says a late traveller, is in the centre of Paris; and to that we were driven.

What is the reason that habit is so obstinate? Why will not neighbouring nations adopt, from each other, those customs which convenience, and common sense, cannot fail to prefer? An English Inn is so excellently adapted, to the immediate ease and refreshment of the traveller, that, at first view, it excites astonishment not to find inns like the English in all countries; and especially in France, with which England is so frequently in communication, and so nearly in contact.

In England, a man alights from his carriage, is shewn into a clean warm room, can order the kind of food he prefers, has a boot jack and slippers brought him, and a wholesome bed well aired in readiness. His wants must be uncommon, or they are all foreseen.

His wife and daughter have equal or superior attention paid them: the civil mistress, or the clean maid, hasten to inquire what they can do to serve or oblige. The travellers are under no embarrassment. They are at home; or if their home be not something like splendid, they are better than at home: for they have a retinue, waiting their commands, such as the rich only can maintain.

In Paris, he that goes in his own carriage, and directs it to be driven to such or such a hotel, may chance to find none of the apartments vacant; and has another to seek.

The other being found, a very small part of the conveniences of an English inn are at hand; they must be searched for in distant houses, and different streets. The wealthy man can every where command a certain degree of convenience: but the

the wealthy man in Paris, were he willing to spend the income of his estate in one single evening, could not obtain the same ready and immediate comfort, which the traveller, who had only five shillings in his pocket, would find waiting for him in England.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY—HORSING—HURLING MATCHES, &c.

DANCING Masters of their own rank, travel through the country from cabin to cabin, with a piper or blind fidler, and the pay is sixpence a quarter. It is an absolute system of education. Weddings are always celebrated with much dancing, and a Sunday rarely passes without a dance; there are very few among them who will not after a hard day's work, gladly walk seven miles to have a dance. John Bull is not so lively, but then a hard day's work with him is certainly a different affair from what it is with Paddy.

There is a very ancient custom in Ireland, for a number of country neighbours among the poor people, to fix upon some young woman that ought, as they think, to be married; they also agree upon a young fellow as a proper husband for her; this determined, they send to the fair one's cabin to inform her, that on the Sunday following she is to be *horsed*, that is, carried on men's backs. She must then provide whiskey and cyder for a treat, as all will pay her a visit after mass, for a hurling match. As soon as she is horsed, the hurling begins, in which the young fellow appointed for her husband, has the eyes of all the company fixed on him. If he comes off conqueror, he is certainly married to the girl; but if another is victorious, he as certainly loses her, for she is the prize of the victor. These trials are not always finished on one Sunday, they sometimes take two or three, and the common expression when they are over, is, that such a girl is *goaled*. Sometimes one barony hurls against another, but a marriageable girl is generally the prize.

Hurling is a sort of cricket; but instead of throwing a ball in order to knock down a wicket, the aim is to drive it with a racquet or hurl, through a bent stick, the ends stuck in the ground. The game is exhibited in an extensive level plain, usually contiguous to the town, and consists in taking and carrying off the ball from the opposite party, after being hurled into the air, midway, between the two bent sticks which are called goals, and the party who bears off the ball and passes it through their goal, wins the game. The racquet or hurl is an implement somewhat resembling a cricket-bat, but flat on both sides, with a handle about three feet long. In this, which is esteemed a noble and manly exercise, they perform such amazing feats of strength and agility, as ought to evidence the food they live on to be far from deficient in nourishment.

LAW.

Court of King's Bench.

FIDDLING AND DANCING.

SHAFT *v.* LEWIS.

THE indictment stated that the defendant kept a disorderly house for music and dancing, without licence.

Mr. Garrow stated the case at great length, expatiating upon the enormity of such practices; these houses he said were receptacles for rogues,

rogues, pickpockets, and thieves, nurseries for all sorts of iniquity, where it is well known that no less than six persons lately convicted of capital offences used to frequent. The first witness deposed that he knew the defendant at the Sun in Wentworth-street; that he went there on the evening of the 2d of April last, and that there was fiddling and dancing; that he paid sixpence as his subscription to the defendant, who was selling rum to the company; that there were five or six couple dancing what was called the *Cushion Dance*, and the company altogether were not the most respectable.

Four other witnesses were also examined, among whom were two very pretty Jeweses, one of whom Sarah Joulie, said she was at the defendant's at the time mentioned, and danced a little; that the gentlemen treated the ladies; thought the company were very good kind of people, and would not swear that she saw any thing indecent in their conduct. She danced the *Cushion Dance*; the gentlemen always kissed the ladies, when dancing it; the right way is to lay down on a cushion and kiss each other; but this was too troublesome, and the gentlemen only kneeled down and the ladies kissed them. She said there was rum served about in the room, and that Mr. Velasco served it; the Jews dare not drink any thing else in passover time.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, admitted the destructive tendency of amusements so conducted, and the wholesome provisions of the Act intended to prevent them. The fact was, as it appeared in evidence from the plaintiff's witnesses, that the room where the dancing and music were performed, was hired by a Jew-butcher of the name of Velasco, who, during the eight days of the passover, had hired this place for the conviviality, not only permitted, but enjoined by the rites of his religion; so that the defendant was not at all liable in the present action.

Lord Ellenborough.—"This is a very excellent statute; but we must take care to apply the penalties only to cases within the meaning of it. Without inquiring whether Velasco or the defendant were the persons who promoted this amusement, the Act only applies to such as keep gardens for such purposes, and not to that of an occasional entertainment however indecently conducted. If the defendant should hereafter be subject to an action of the same kind, from a repetition of these transactions, he may then perhaps come within the pale of the Act, and be subject to its penalties."—Verdict for the defendant.

WARRANTY OF A HORSE.

HARRIS *v.* J. CHICHESTER, ESQ.

THE plaintiff is an eminent jobman in horses, the defendant, a gentleman well-known on the turf, residing on his estate in Devonshire. The former had purchased of the latter a coach horse, at the price of forty guineas, under the warranty of his being quiet in harness. The horse had been offered for sale by the plaintiff to Lord Roslyn, and had been rejected, on the first trial, on account of the symptoms of restiveness he exhibited.

Mr. Garrow, for the plaintiff, said, Lord Roslyn could not attend to give testimony, on account of a severe indisposition; but several of his servants deposed to the violent resistance and untractableness of the

the animal, on the occasion of the first experiment, so as to endanger the lives of the persons attempting to controul him.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, produced testimony of the quietness of the animal, for a period of nine years: he said that the beast like himself, had often *gone as leader, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other*; and that, like himself also, he had been found *perfectly tractable on either side*. He then sent for Nathaniel Fellowes, Esq. from the Middlesex Committee, who had frequently driven the horse, and gave evidence of his safety; and last of all he called John Gilpin to shew *he did not run away with him*. He further proved, that he had been driven at harrows and in a unicorn team, or what is called a coach and three. The learned counsel then said, he should come to the conclusive deposition *at length*, and produced a testimony of the animal having been driven in a *tandem*.

Lord Ellenborough.—"This is a horse sold under a warranty to go temperately in harness, and the evidence on both sides is strong and contradictory. On the part of the defendant there is a chasm, as the tractable disposition of the animal had not been brought up to the precise time of the sale to the plaintiff, and a horse very quiet might be soon rendered ferocious and unmanageable by abuse and wantonness."—Verdict for the defendant.

INJURING A HORSE.

BOTT *v.* ELLIOTT AND CO.

THE plaintiff is a callenderer and presser, the defendants are eminent brewers. The cart of the plaintiff was at six o'clock in the evening, last winter, loading at the warehouse of Mr. Dickins, an army clothier, in Streatham-street, Bloomsbury-square, when the caravan of the defendants came by loaded with malt. Notwithstanding the street was only 19 feet 10 inches broad, and the tilted cart of the plaintiff stood across it, the caravan proceeded without notice, from which neglect the wheel pressed on the foot of the horse in the cart, and completely separated the hoof of the animal. In consequenee of this injury, he died in a few days.

Messrs. Erskine and Jervis, for the plaintiff, produced testimony of these facts.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendants, said, it was not sufficient to shew that the injury to the horse had been occasioned; that the proof in two particulars more was necessary. First, that the injury had originated from the caravan of the defendants; and next, that it was not the neglect of the plaintiff's carter, but the neglect of the driver of the defendants; and he poduced testimony to establish that the injury sustained was by a hackney coach which preceded the caravan of the defendants.

Lord Ellenborough.—"This is an action for damages for the loss of a horse, on the ground of negligence in the carman of the defendants. A very serious complaint may be founded on the careless manner in which carts are abandoned, and it will be for you to consider if the cart of the plaintiff was so deserted as to exonerate the defendants from the consequence of this prosecution.

If you think the injury was occasioned by neglect of the defendants' servants, then you will have to ascertain the value of the horse, and give your verdict accordingly. It seems at least clear, that the age of the animal was twenty one years —Verdict for the plaintiff, L.30

RECOVERY

RECOVERY OF THE PRICE OF A STOLEN HORSE.

WATSON *v.* SUMMERLIN.

THE plaintiff was a fishmonger in Oxford-street, the defendant was also a fishmonger, at Billingsgate. It appeared by one witness that the plaintiff went to the defendant, and bought the horse in question, for seven guineas and a half; that some time after the horse was taken from him, under an order of the Magistrate, and was delivered over to one Goodman, a miller, from whom it had been stolen some months before.

The defence made by Mr Erskine was, that the horse never had belonged to the defendant, and that he never sold him to the plaintiff; on the contrary, he had belonged to one Greentree, a butcher, who had honestly bought him from another butcher in Fleet market: that the defendant merely recommended the horse to the plaintiff, who had not sufficient money to pay for him at the time, and defendant lent him L.3 : 17 : 6, for that purpose, for which sum he was afterwards actually obliged to sue the plaintiff.—These facts were fully proved and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

LOSS BY A STAGE COACH.

NICHOLSON AND HAYDON, *v.* WILLAN AND SIMPSON.

THE correspondents of the plaintiffs at Nottingham had sent to them, by one of the public coaches of the defendants, a parcel of silk stockings, of the value of L.58.—The defendants, at their coach office at Nottingham, had placed a board in a conspicuous situation, whereon it was written, that the proprietors would not be responsible for parcels of more than the value of L.5, conveyed by their stages, unless entered as valuable, and paid for accordingly. The above parcel was lost in the conveyance; the book-keeper at Nottingham had received 2s. for the carriage; and the question was, whether, under the special circumstances, the defendants were liable for the loss.

Mr. Erskine, for the plaintiffs, said, that this parcel was delivered with the express direction, to be carried by the mail; that instead of complying with this order, the agent of the defendants at Nottingham had put it into another of their coaches, called the True Briton, in consequence of which deviation from the instructions, the loss had happened. He admitted, that the defendants might have been exonerated from any claim above L.5 if, according to the conditions, they had sent it by the mail, and he produced witnessess in support of the facts of his case.

Mr Garrow, for the defendant, said, carriers were responsible in a general way, with two exceptions, and those are, if the loss arise from the act of God, or of the King's enemies: but here are special terms exposed to all comers in the office, that the proprietors will not be liable "for parcels of more than the value of L.5, conveyed by their stages, unless entered as value, and paid for accordingly." But, said Mr. Erskine, the parcel was sent by a wrong coach. This, replied Mr. Garrow, does not at all alter the case; for the clerk of the defendants at Nottingham has a restricted agency, and he cannot engage to convey a parcel by any particular coach.

Lord Ellenborough.—"The question for the jury to consider is, if the parcel was delivered under special order to go by a particular

lar coach; and the difficulty here simply arises from the circumstance of the defendants being proprietors of different coaches, and our not being able precisely to ascertain by the evidence what were the directions given."—A verdict was taken for L.58, subject to a case, if in point of law the plaintiffs, under the particular circumstances, could recover more than L.5.

THEATRICALS.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

Theatre, Haymarket, May 26.

THIS comedy is by Mr. T. Dibdin; and La Fontaine, one of the best of the modern German writers, has only furnished him with the serious part of his drama: the lighter part is original and highly comic.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Rigid	Mr. Archer.
Edmond Rigid	Mr. Elliston.
Major Corslet	Mr. R. Palmer.
Mr. Balance	Mr. Chapman.
Charles Balance	Mr. Palmer, jun.
Sir Harry Pointer	Mr. De Camp.
Triangle	Mr. Matthews.
William	Mr. Taylor.
Gregory	Mr. Grove.
Dicky	Mr. Tokeley.
Lady Rigid	Mrs. T. Woodfall.
Mrs. Balance	Mrs. Ward.
Suzette	Miss Grimani.
Sophia	Miss Woodfall.
Nancy	Mrs. Gibbs.
Deborah	Mrs. Rendall.

The following is the outline of the plot—

Edmond, the son of Lord Rigid by a former wife, has been from infancy the victim of his parents' partiality for their other offspring, all of whom, except the hero of the piece died in their youth, a circumstance which, unfortunately, increased the dislike rather than the affection of Edmond's father and mother. The latter soon followed her favourites to the grave, and Edmond, left to the care of a father, by no means predisposed to favour his foibles, was sent to college, camp, and on his travels; and we are informed, at the opening of the piece, that he has been expelled the university, turned out of the army with disgrace, associated with gamesters abroad, and that, on his return home, he had attempted the life of his father, and the honour of his lordship's second wife: the seduction of an amiable woman, daughter to a veteran officer is also attributed to him; and such is the terror inspired by his very name, in the village where he resides, that he is obliged to live in a state of perfect seclusion. Lord Rigid, hoping to reclaim his son by marriage, introduces him to Sophia Pointer, his Lordship's ward, which occasions a quarrel between Sir Harry, brother to the Lady, and the old nobleman; a duel is expected to ensue, when Edmond interferes, and places himself between his father and the fire of Sir Harry; but loses all the credit of the action, when it appears he himself had given the Baronet a pistol charged only with powder.—This circumstance, however, leads to a general eclaircissement, in which the conduct of Edmond is investigated, and every circumstance relative to it is explained. He is united to the Major's daughter, whose seduction he had been charged with; and Miss Pointer, who had been intended by Lord Rigid as his son's wife, marries Charles Balance, a young man between whom and herself a mutual attachment subsisted. Mr. Balance, a respectable merchant, who having quitted business, by way of amusement

ment opens a Journal of every particular circumstance which happens to himself or connections. Triangle, a mathematical Schoolmaster, who also keeps a news room, and Circulating Library, and never loses sight, for a moment of their triple interests. Gregory, an old camp attendant of the Major's—and Lady Rigid, his Lordship's second wife, whose former knowledge of Edmond assists to involve the intricacy of the question of his guilt or innocence.

Major Corslet is a hot, benevolent, old soldier, who retires from service with his man Gregory, an only daughter, and a passion for flowers. This is a taint of the German leaven, which is a little mixed also with the character of Balance, a merchant, who, having quitted trade, keeps a journal of sentiments and occurrences. Sir Harry Pointer, a spirited and but too just a specimen of some of our stable-boy sprigs of fashion; and the domestics of Mr. Balance, Will Wallflower, and Nancy, two simple rustics, such as we have seen very much of late on the stage, and are, perhaps, to be seen very little any where else.

As a specimen of the language, we have introduced Sir Harry Pointer on his first arrival at Triangles, and in the pistol scene.

It is scarcely necessary to say, the piece was well received, and is likely to prove a favourite.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Inside of TRIANGLE'S *House.*

Enter DICKY.

Trian. Well, Dicky, have you carried out the books?

Dicky. Yes, Sir; here is the list of what's delivered, and what is wanting.

Trian. Oh, let's see [*reads*] "Counsellor Crab wants *Liberal Opinions*"—I'm sorry for that, for it's not at home. "The Tailor's wife has had *Mysterious Warnings*, and the Apothecary's journeyman, *Pills to purge Melancholy*." Now you must take *Tales of Terror* to the widow Tremor—*More Ghosts* to the Sexton's daughter, the *Curse of Sentiment* to the Butcher, *Melting Moments* to the Tallow Chandler, and *Old Nick* to the Attorney.

Dicky. Yes, Sir; he, he, he! I'll take the Attorney to Old Nick.

Trian. No, no, there'll be no necessity for that. Get along, and do as I bid you. [*Exit* Dicky. No business stirring to-day—library rather flat—no post from London to bring the papers, and the boys have half a holiday. Bless me! here's a trump—a fine high phæton, and four by honours—the gentleman alights, too—this way, Sir—Library or reading room—newspapers, or novels, or would you please to rest here in the hall, Sir?

Bows to Sir Harry Pointer, *who flings himself in an arm chair.*

Sir Harry. Any where to recover breath. I drove the last sixteen miles to a nicety, rather within time by your clocks—saw this was a sort of a house where one might learn the news, so stept in for a moment. You're rather snug here, my man.

Trian. Very, Sir,—Seminary, Library, and Oratory, conducted upon the best principles of desk, rostrum, and catalogue, and excellently govern'd by Ferula, Hammer, and Terms of Subscription.

Sir Harry. You're an *odd* fellow, for you seem to do every thing by the *Rule of Three.*

Trian. My *practice* exactly, Sir. —Built the whole of this mansion upon the plan of *direct proportion*; for, says I—if the reading room *give* me half as much as the book shop,

shop, what will the *school* room do?

Sir Harry. How the devil shou'd I know?

Trian. Pardon me—I mean, what will the academy *produce?*

Sir Harry. Plenty of blockheads, no doubt, while you are schoolmaster.

Trian. Ha, ha! facetious in the extreme. I wish we had the honour of your company, some evening, in the debating club.

Sir Harry. Perhaps you may. I've some thoughts of getting settled in this part of the world.

Trian. That's lucky—If you visit our club, a man of your wit would be knocked down for a speech every five minutes.

Sir Harry. That's one way of getting settled, however.—What sort of folks are your neighbours?

Trian. The most pleasant people in the world, and all characters in their way.

Sir Harry. There's a pretty hunting box just by, they call the Hermitage, I suppose you know who lives there?

Trian. Is the gentleman a friend of yours, Sir?

Sir Harry. That's no answer to my question. I can't say whether he is a friend or no; but I believe his father, lord Rigid, has some wish of marrying him to a sister of mine. What sort of a character does he bear in these parts?

Trian. [*Aside*] O ho! mus'n't spoil a match—the lady may subscribe.—Why, Sir, he is rather an odd—good 'sort of a—peaceable, quiet kind of a young gentleman enough.

Sir Harry. Peaceable?

Trian. Very, Sir: he left the army from an objection to fighting.

Sir Harry. The devil he did! is he a coward then?

Trian. O no, I can't think that; for every body else is afraid of his father, lord Rigid—now, I'm told, the young gentleman don't care two-pence for him, and never did any thing he was bid in his life.

Sir Harry. A mighty dutiful kind of a son. He is a scholar, I am told.

Trian. He must be a very great one; for they couldn't understand him at all at the university, so they desired him to go home again—then he's the most astonishing card player in the whole county.

Sir Harry. Indeed! have you any proof of that?

Trian. By report only, Sir: for nobody here will venture to play with him.

Sir Harry. [*Apart*] It's rather lucky Sophy doesn't hear all this. Whose are the two neat houses on the right and left?

Trian. They belong to a merchant, and a major, Sir. The merchant is a rich man, tho' he lives plainly: the major is a bluff old soldier, rather poor, and extremely proud—he has a daughter, who—bless my soul! why there's a lady in the phæton all this while! won't she do me the honour to alight?

Sir Harry. Oh, it's only my sister—the horses have got their wind by this time, and now I am off. When I come this way again, I shall, perhaps, buy one of your catalogues, and—[*a loud scream heard*] death and fury! the horses are off full gallop! my sister; yes, my sister, and my best set of greys, will undoubtedly be ruined. Stop the carriage! [*Runs out.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Charles. Bless me, the baronet looks plaguy furious!

Enter Sir Harry.

Well, Sir, I have repaired to the spot you named, in hopes to see your

your quarrel end in honourable reconciliation.

Sir Harry. [*With much agitation*] I am afraid not, my feelings are very much hurt—every man has feelings, Mr Balance, I am extremely obliged by your coming, though his lordship has since sent me word he brings no second; but you can act as a common friend; we shall have warm work, I dare say. Who's that gentleman? a surgeon perhaps—that's proper and considerate—every thing that's proper ought to be done on such an occasion; and though I am called an unpolished clown, I shall bridle by passion, walk over the course with all imaginable politeness, and take as good aim as I possibly can.

Charles. You speak, Sir, like a man of judgment and precision.

Sir Harry Yes; I have calculated all the odds; provided against every thing; and should there be a necessity for either of us to escape, my black horse Charon will carry to the world's end.

Charles. But, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. One word more—In requital of your double service to Sophia and myself, in this packet I have bequeathed you my two best hunters, with directions that my sisser and the rest of my stud may be taken proper care of.

Charles. And, now Sir, permit me to introduce the gentleman you take for a surgeon—Sir Harry Pointer, this is the honourable——

Sir Harry. Mr. Wilson, the very man who saved me from gamesters, and preserved the only independence which, in that paper, I have been able to leave my sister.

Edmond. If you conceive yourself indebted to me, you have ample means to acquit yourself, and impress me with an obligation of the last consequence.

Sir Harry. If there is a thing on earth I *can* do, command me.

Edmond. You expect lord Rigid here on a serious appointment—I have the honour to be much interested for him; oblige me, therefore, as a man and a friend, by endeavouring to settle this affair.

Sir Harry. It shall be settled the moment he comes. [*Produces pistols*] Here are the ponies that are to start! they are small but compact; and when once they go off, I'd match 'em for speed with the first racers in England.

Edmond. We have no time for levity, Sir. You profess'd I might command you—I do beseech you, most earnestly, if his lordship shews the least inclination, that you will be reconciled to him.

Sir Harry. That is the only thing in the world I would refuse you.

Charles. But why so inveterate?

Sir Harry Sir, I have received a blow, which fell with double weight, because the man who gave it, calls me his inferior.

Edmond. Will not provocation on your part extenuate the offence?

Sir Harry. I had taken my wine, to be sure; but, ignorant as I am, I know that such a situation degraded me more than any lauguage of mine could injure his lordship. For the words of a drunken man leave nobody but himself the worse for them.

Charles. Well, but as you own to intemperate language—

Sir Harry. His lordship should have waited till I had sober sense enough to plead guilty—An English constitution would no more punish a man before trial, than I should demand the King's plate without a race, though I'm sure I've a mare that's able to win it.

Edmond. And how can your lips venture to profane the name of an English constitution, when you are in the very act of violating its most sacred obligations? Besides, when we may have to oppose an enemy

enemy—we should find other marks for practice than the *bosoms* of our *friends*.

Sir Harry. Well, you may leave talking, for yonder comes his lordship—I have kept him waiting, and it will be respectful in me to meet him.

Edmond. Respect for the man you mean to murder!

Sir Harry. Psha! stand out of the way.

Edmond. Not a step, Sir—and, sooner than you shall proceed, I'll venture this, [*shewing the* Major's *pistol*] which was given me by a man of honour, even against your favourites.

Sir Harry. There—he stops a man on the King's highway, and then talks of the laws of his country.

Edmond. I am, at present, arm'd in their *defence*, the *genuine* cause of honour! which no true Briton will *desert* with life.

Sir Harry. Nay, don't be ill natured; but if we must pop at one another, let us exchange weapons, and do it like gentlemen.

Edmond. [*Gives his pistol*] You may take mine, Sir? but I wish no exchange—come, come—you must, and shall listen to reason.

THE GALLANT SPORTSMAN.

An Etching, by Bell.

THIS fanciful subject needs no description or comment—all-mighty Love seems to have drawn the Sportsman from the pursuit of one sort of game to another. We however abstain from any remarks of an idle or improper tendency, but leave the couple to the enjoyment of their own society, under the firm persuasion that no harm will arise from their meeting.

OLD WEALTH AND NEW CONTRASTED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

FOR the entertainment of your readers, I send you the following Valuation of part of the effects of John Thompson, of Skirlaugh, who died in the year 1680—

One bedstead, two caff* beds and bolster, a pair of blankets and happing†, a pair of sheets, a kimlin, a dough trough, a haire tems, two bacon flitches, with other housements	L.0	18	6
Three pair of sheets	0	3	0
Two weathers, five riggals, five ewes and lambs, and two gimmers, (19 sheep)	2	10	6
Three drape cows, an heifor and a calfe	6	0	0
Four fat oxen	12	0	0
A gelding	0	16	0
Two fat pigs and a calfe	1	0	0

Mr. Editor—This is not looking very far back into the history of this part of the country. What a poor place England must have been at that time, when a man could buy nineteen sheep for fifty shillings! But in that day sheep were not purchased with paper, and their skins were not stretched by hungry lawyers nor angry drummers. Be so good, Mr. Editor, as to favour the public with your observations on those beggarly days of old, and contrast them with the present times of wealth and plenty. I have somehow or other taken it into my foolish noddle, that by increasing our wealth we have increased our poverty.—You may rely upon the assurance, that the above extract is faithfully copied from the genuine Inventory now in my custody.

Hull. LACK A DAISY!

* Chaff. † A Rug.

DRAMATIC

Morland, del. Bell, Sculp.

The Gallant Sportsman.

Pub. July 1 1801, by J Wheble, Warwick Square.

DRAMATIC BALLET.

Haymarket Theatre.

ON Wednesday night, June 23, was performed at this theatre, for the first time, a dramatic Ballet called the Enchanted Island. It is avowedly the production of Mr. Fawcett the Comedian. To the book of songs, &c. is prefixed the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

"The Prospectus contained in the following pages, is arranged for the convenience of spectators, in the hope that it will give them little trouble as readers. It is thought expedient, however, to furnish a mere clue to the action;—a clue which, perhaps, is advantageous to the effect of all dumb shew,—but particularly in the present instance, where pantomime trembles in placing its profane foot, even on magic ground, since it has been sanctioned by the *god of our English drama*.

"The Ballet of The Enchanted Island is, professedly, founded on Shakespeare's Tempest. Incidents which the Muse of Shakespeare has traced in narrative, and mentioned as occurrences which have preceded the scenes of his play, are here given in representation, and dilated—and form the basis of the Ballet.

"The songs and choruses are included in the Prospectus; and, on each opposite leaf, quotations are given from Shakespeare, which may be referred to during the representation, or be read at leisure. The quotations are inserted to evince how sedulously the subject has been considered; and it is hoped, when merely a ground-work has been given in the text of the Poet, that fancy has not misled the humble Constructor of the Ballet into an irreverent departure from the incomparable author of the Tempest."

The foregoing advertisement developes the plan sufficiently for the reader or auditor's comprehension; and therefore may save much time in farther explanation. We shall now proceed to give the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prospero	Mr. De Camp.
Antonio	Mr. Palmer, jun.
Gonzalo	Mr. Chapman.
Ambassador	Mr. Grove.
Ferdinand	Mr. Byrne.
Ariel	Master O. Byrne
Caliban	Mr. D'Egville.
Miranda — Act I.	Miss C. Bristow.
Miranda — Act II.	Miss B. Manage
Spirit of the Dance	Mr. Byrne.

SCENE—*Milan and the Enchanted Island.*

This Ballet is at least as spledid in its scenery, as any thing that was ever got up at this theatre. The scenes which conclude each of the two acts, are uncommonly magnificent. The story begins with Prospero's abdicating the supreme power at Milan, to his brother: he then shuts himself up in his library, and devotes himself to magical studies. From thence he is forced by the orders of his brother on board a ship, which lands him and his daughter Miranda on the Enchanted Island. On their landing they are surrounded by Evil Spirits, whom Prospero subdues by magical charms; and Caliban, whom he soothes by kindness. He also finds Ariel imprisoned in a cleft pine, and liberates him by his power. The first act concludes with a grand dance of Spirits.

The second act begins after a supposed residence of Prospero in the island for many years. Miranda, therefore, who was represented a mere child in the first act, is, in the second, personated by Miss B. Menage.

Menage. Caliban succeeds in carrying off Miranda to his cave, where she remains for a considerable part of the act, but is relieved by Prospero and Ariel.

The shipwreck then takes place, and Antonio, brother to Prospero, with his faithful counsellor Gonzalo and his son Ferdidand, are thrown on shore: Ferdinand and Miranda fall in love with each other; and, after Prospero has discovered himself to his brother, and pardoned him, a general reconciliation takes place, and the piece concludes with a grand dance.

The story being confessedly taken from Shakespear's Tempest, does not allow us to say more in praise of this Entertainment than that the scenery was splendid, the dances worthy of the genius of Mr. Byrne, who composed them; and the general effect of this Pantomime, introduced upon the stage by Mr. Fawcett, was such as to give universal satisfaction to a crowded and brilliant audience. It was announced for a second representation with loud applause, and has been performed several times since, with an equal degree of approbation.

ROWING MATCH.

EVER since the London watermen were defeated by the Gravesend men, they have continually reproached each other with the failure of success on that day.—Major Warrington and Capt. Durand proposed, some time ago, to give four of the party an excellent wherry to row for; and on Tuesday the 26th instant, the trial took place.

Precisely at eleven minutes before five o'clock, the competitors, who were Edward Bromwell and Isaac Wood, against Shepherd and Howel, started at a boat moored off Capt. Durand's wharf, at Cuckold's Point.

The former took the lead, and kept about three boats lengths a-head, till they came to the King's Arms Point, where they gained about double the distance, and remained in that situation all the way to the boat moored off Woolwich, round which they were to row.—On crossing over to Bugsby's hole, in their way back, a grand trial of skill and strength was displayed, and a better race was never witnessed. After a hard struggle, Shepherd and Howell shot a-head, about a boats length, and continued to gain progressively upon their adversaries the remainder of the distance.

Shepherd and Howell stepped into the prize-wherry, moored off Captain Durand's wharf, at Seventeen minutes after six o'clock, making the time altogether eighty-eight minutes, during which period they had rowed thirteen miles. An uncommon number of boats were on the water. The Duke of Manchester's 20-oared cutter was among them, with company on board.

Major Warrington was stationed off Woolwich to see the parties arrive there; and Capt, Durand, after seeing the starting, followed the rowers down the river in his sailing boat. As the water parties were returning to town, two cutters ran foul of each other, which occasioned blows between the rowers, and at length one of the persons in the scuffle was knocked overboard, and nearly drowned. Another of them was struck so violently with a boat hook that he lay senseless in the boat for some time.

M'Lawrence challenged Shepherd after the rowing was over, to row with him on a future day, for fifty guineas, which was agreed to; but the time was not fixed.

HUNTING

HUNTING A JUSTICE.

THE KING *v.* BROWN, AND OTHERS.

MR. WILSON, in the court of King's Bench, moved for leave to file a criminal information against certain persons for a riot and assault upon Dr. Tatham, a justice of the peace for Buckinghamshire, and a fellow of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

A sort of mountebank had a lottery or raffle in a field in the neighbourhood of the doctor, which created some disturbance, and the doctor, attended by his constable, endeavoured to disperse them.

A Mr. Brown, who was very active among the rioters, desired them not to mind what a "fool like the doctor" said; that he would turn him and his constable off the ground. Finding it of no use to contend at that time, the doctor went away, and returned again in the evening, when he found a very large mob collected. Upon his constable calling some persons to assist him, this Mr. Brown, flourishing a stick before the doctor, who was on horseback, hallooed to the mob to force him into a corner of the field, and souse him in the horse-pond.

While one fellow, obedient to this advice, was belabouring the horse's rump with a shovel, Brown was shaking some chains in his face. Upon this the horse took fright and threw the doctor, by which he was much bruised. Brown continuing all this time his noise, and swearing he'd set his beagles after him till he'd hunt him down like a fox.

Mean while some of the mob gave the constable a drubbing.

Granted a rule to shew cause.

York Lent Assizes.

RUNNING AGAINST A HORSE

FLOWER *v.* ECCLES AND PEARSON.

THIS was an action of trespass brought by the plaintiff, who is a serjeant in the Durham Militia, against the defendants, who are young gentlemen at Beverley, for an assault committed on the road from Beverley to Hull, in November last, by the defendants wilfully running against the plaintiff's horse whereby the plaintiff was thrown down and much bruised.

Mr. Serjeant Cockell, who was most ably supported by Mr. Osbourne and Mr. Holroyde, opened the cause on the part of the plaintiff, and after enlarging upon the undisputed facts of the case, stated that the main question for the jury was, whether or no the plaintiff had met with the injury complained of by the misconduct of the defendants in galloping on the wrong side of the road, in a dark and wet night, and thereby throwing the plaintiff and his horse down? After many witnesses had been examined on the part of the plaintiff, who stated the affirmative of the question, as to the defendant Eccles, but nothing as to the defendant Pearson, who had therefore, a verdict in his favour, before the defendants were called on for their defence.

Mr. Parke on the part of the defendants, contended, that the injury had arisen either from the actual misconduct of the plaintiff, or at least from accident; and called many witnesses who contradicted the plaintiff's evidence in many material circumstances, and supported Mr. Parke's statement.

Mr. Serjeant Cockell, in a very able and masterly speech of upwards of an hour, combated the in-

ferences of Mr. Parke, from the evidence he had adduced, and contended, that in such contradictory testimony, the plaintiff's was most to be relied on.

The learned judge summed up the evidence, with that impartiality and ability which so eminently distinguish his Lordship, and recommended to the jury to consider, whether the injury complained of was sustained by the misconduct of the defendants, or of the plaintiff, by accident.

The jury, after having retired for some time, returned a verdict for the defendants, expressing their opinion, that the injury sustained was caused by accident.

NO WARRANTY.

WATSON *v.* FOORD.

A CAUSE submitted by agreement to arbitration before the recorder of York.

The plaintiff, who is an apothecary at Driffield, brought this action against Mr. Foord, the defendant, for having sold him a mare that was unsound and blemished, having (what the dealers call) "a thorough pin." No proofs being adduced on the part of the plaintiff of unsoundness, those counts were given up, and the blemish only was attempted to be substantiated: but which was declared by one of the plaintiff's own witnesses, "did not make the mare a shilling worse, as it was a small flush on one of her legs."

On the part of the defendant it was proved, "that the buyer, previous to purchasing, had a complete trial of the mare; that he himself noticed a little flush on one of her legs: that he went, and consulted an eminent horse dealer upon it, who told him, before buying it, that he had horses worth sixty guineas in his stables who had larger flushes, and that he did not think the mare sixpence the worse for it: that he then rode the mare for the plaintiff, liked her action, and advised him to buy her, if he could get her for thirty guineas. The breeder of the mare proved she had always been sound; and various other witnesses proved she was and always had been so, and was now worth more money than the plaintiff gave for her."

The award of the recorder is, "that the plaintiff had no cause of action against the defendant;" by which all the costs incurred in this suit, together with the keep of the mare, fall to the share of the plaintiff, Mr. Watson.

We think it a point of law necessary to be known to our various sporting friends, that "no price, of itself, without a warranty, entitles a horse to be returned. If nothing is said, the buyer takes the bargain as he finds it."

UNHAPPY MISTAKE;

OR,

SILENCE NOT WISDOM.

[From Bristed's Tour in Scotland.]

SO common is the desire to have a quiet humble fool for a wife, that a gentleman in the country, a learned Doctor of the laws, who had studied books more than the human heart, imagined that he wanted a wife; but then he must have one that would not talk much.

Accordingly, he looked out for a stupid and ignorant woman, because he laid it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that a sensible well informed

formed woman would necessarily talk him to death. Having examined, for some time, his various female acquaintances, he at length pitched upon the youngest daughter out of five, of a neighbouring gentleman. This girl was seldom or ever heard to utter a single syllable, but sate in solemn silence during the whole time that all her family, that is, her mother and her elder sisters, who were supposed to have a great deal more sense than her, were talking away with all their might.

The good Doctor intimated to the mother, that he wished to have her daughter Nancy as his wife. The mother was not sorry to hear this, for she had a large family and could not give them much fortune; wherefore, she at once told the profound suitor, that he should have Nancy. She immediately apprized the girl of the intended manœuvre, and without more ado this happy couple were united in the holy bands.

The bridegroom had not been married a full week, before he went with a doleful face of complaint, to the mother, setting forth, that her daughter's tongue was never at rest, excepting the few hours in the twenty-four, when she slept: and begged earnestly to know what could be done; for that he was prevented from studying, from thinking, in a word, from doing any single thing, which might procure him ease or comfort, and that he verily believed he should shortly be killed by his wife's confounded clack.

The mother, who was a prudent woman, replied, "My dear Doctor, your good sense and great learning should have pointed out all this to you. My daughter Nancy is a very weak and ignorant girl, and therefore will naturally talk whenever she has an opportunity, for those who think least generally talk the most. But while she was at home, her elder sister and I, well knowing that, if she opened her mouth, nothing but nonsense and childish folly would come out of it, always gave her a strict charge to be silent till she was married, or she would never get a husband. The girl therefore, is not to blame; she cannot, owing to her dulness and ignorance, be expected to be able to derive any comfort from silence, because only those who can think, that is, those who have cultivated minds, can enjoy silence; and as she has been forced to hold her tongue so long, she is now in the right, that she has a fair opportunity, to make all the use of it she can.

"Depend upon it, Sir, a foolish and an ignorant woman is never quiet if she can help it; and as she knows nothing, she must talk nonsense — And this is so obvious to the plainest understanding, that I wonder learned men, have never found it out. We women know very well, that in proportion as our minds are cultivated, we have resources in ourselves, and can enjoy silence; but when we know nothing and have nothing to say, we must be always talking. Had you not chosen to yourself, and pitched upon, the weakest and most silly of all my daughters, but had told me that you wanted a companion for life, and asked me which of the girls was the most likely to render a man happy and respectable, I would have told you, at once, that my second daughter, Betsy, was the woman, because she has the most sense."

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF

RECOLLECTION IN THE HORSE.

A BARONET once conceived the cruel design of completely tiring a hunter, which had never been knocked up in the longest chase. By furious and inhuman riding, he at length accomplished his

his brutal purpose; so much so, that the horse was scarce able to stand. The Baronet some little time after entering the stable, the horse sprung furiously upon him, and, had it not been for the intervention of the groom, would very soon have dispatched him.

And at the last Stafford assizes the following was given upon oath, in a trial for horse-stealing—The owner of the horse said, that if the animal were his, it would neigh and run back in the stall the moment it heard his voice; which accordingly happened, as was proved in court, the creature instantly acknowledging its master's voice the moment he spoke.

RACES TO COME.

Ipswich	July	3
Carlisle		3
Lamberton		4
Newcastle, *Staffordshire*		4
Salisbury		4
Tenbury		5
Newmarket July Meeting		9
Swansea		10
Nantwich		11
Preston		17
Winchester		17
Edinburgh		23
Oxford		24
Blandford		24
Chelmsford		24
Brighton		28
Haverford West		30
Exeter		30
Southampton		31
Worcester		31
Knutsford		31
Lewes	Aug.	2
Taunton		2
Huntingdon		7
Nottingham		14
York		18
Reading		28
Egham	Sept.	4
Warwick		4
Lincoln		12
Kingscote		18
Walsall		26

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF

LONGEVITY IN A HORSE.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING observed in your last Number an account of the death of Condé, the favourite charger of the late Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, on the 17th of April last, at Berlin, at the age of forty; as well as the death of the Rev. John Shinglar's poney, in Lincolnshire, at the age of thirty-eight; I take the liberty to trouble you with a recent circumstance of equal authenticity, a little nearer home. Within a few days of the dissolution of the celebrated Condé, died at Mortlake, in the possession of Mrs. Ayrton, a bay gelding, at the astonishing age of forty-three, after having served her for eight-and-thirty years; for many of the last he had been used to draw her to and from town singly in her post chaise, and continued that office till within a few days of his death. To render the circumstance a little more extraordinary, the lady herself is not less than eighty years of age, and in good health; being the widow of the late Mr. Ayrton, a sportsman well known in the North of England, who was the original possessor of that famous horse Bay Malton, and by whom he was sold to the late Marquis of Rockingham for one thousand guineas, which was then considered a great price; but he amply repaid the purchase-money with two-fold interest, proving himself, during his time, the stoutest and most successful runner in the kingdom. Bay Malton was foaled in 1760, and was got by Sampson, dam by Cade.

June 8. A NEIGHBOUR.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A SERVANT in a house where Preville, a celebrated French actor, frequently visited, requested him to procure him a ticket of admission to the play. Preville gave him one. The actor called a few days afterwards, and asked the servant how he liked it? "Very much," he replied; "the house is very grand, and so are the decorations; as to the gentlemen and ladies, they were dressed most superbly." "But what do you think of the actors?"——"Oh! faith, as to the actors, they conversed together about their own business; and you know that did not concern me."

THE following Bon Mots of the late Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. are related by his son—

A note from Mr. Moore, "the conductor of The World," requesting an essay, was put into my father's hands on a Sunday morning, as he was going to church. My mother observing him rather inattentive during the sermon, whispered—"What are you thinking of?" He replied, "*Of the next World*, my dear."

I cannot help mentioning another instance of the same species of pleasantry. In one of his rides late in life, he was met by his Majesty on the declivity of Richmond-hill, who, with his accustomed condescension, stopped and conversed with him; and observing that "he did not ride so fast as he used to do," my father replied, "*Sir, I am going down hill.*"

As my father entered the room one morning, Lord North observed to him, that he had written a very handsome letter to his old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. ——, giving him the Deanery of ——, and put it into his hands, which having read, he replied—"Yes, the letter is very handsomely expressed, and all very true, but shews plainly how little you know of your business as a minister. It reminds me of a story of an Irish peasant, who, upon seeing a partridge that was shot fall from a considerable height, picked it up, and running with it to the gentleman who had killed it, cried out—"Arrah, your honour need not have shot; *the fall would have killed him.*" The *deanery* was sufficient for one man; the *letter* should have been sent to the *unsuccessful* candidate."

THE York Herald says, that a person found last week, on Bishop's Hill, the nest of a bird called a *Billy-biter*, which contained twenty-four young ones!—Some of the Yorkshire wags suggested, "that they

they should be sent up in the *basket*, as a *reinforcement* to the *Opposition!*"

On reading of the loss of the good ship *Henry Addington*, homeward bound from Jamaica, a correspondent waggishly remarked, that most of the crew were fortunately picked up by the boats of the *William Pitt!*

A premium being lately offered by an Agricultural Society, for the best mode of *irrigation* and the latter word being made *irritation*, by a mistake of the printer, a farmer sent his *wife* to claim the prize.

The Mayor of a country town, who a few months ago received the honour of knighthood, lately issued the following mandate to one of the inferior officers of the corporation—"I desires you will ordur the Widder Jenkins to pere befour me at Toun all to-morroh at A lavin, has I mey egsammon hur, and pars hur hoam, has she is likerlye to be vary true balsam hear."

One day lately, a sailor, belonging to a man of war, at Plymouth, had leave to go on shore; but having staid much longer than the allowed time, he received a sharp reprimand on his return. Jack's reply was, that he was very sorry, but that he had taken a dilly—a kind of chaise used about Plymouth—for the purpose of making the utmost haste; but that the coachman could not give him change for half a guinea, and he therefore was obliged to keep him driving fore and aft, between Plymouth and Dock, till he had drove the half-guinea out!—Unfortunately for poor Jack, it so happened, that when the half-guinea was drove out, he was set down at the spot whence he started, and had just as far to walk as though he had not been drove at all.

A performer's death being mentioned in the green room of Drury lane theatre—"I thought," said Mrs. Jordan to Mr. Cherry, "you told me that poor S——'s fever was gone off?"—"O yes," replied the latter, "I did; but I forgot to mention that he was *gone off* along with it."

A batchelor, being in company a short time ago, with some married men, was asked, why he did not *take a wife?* To which he replied, he had taken *many*, but that the *husbands* made such a confounded grumbling, he was under the necessity of *leaving it off*.

THE EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

AN EPIGRAM.

Said Lady Bab to Lady Sue—
"I wish I were as bless'd as you:
Your husband is polite and kind,
Of gentle manners—gen'rous mind;
Obliging—gay—in friendship warm—
With ev'ry quality to charm."

"Pray, Lady Bab," cried Lady Sue,
"How came my husband, *entre nous*,
So *intimately* known to *you?*"

A DONKEY ODE.

At *Foley-house* was run a race
(Fit to be sung with Chevy Chase),
By things of blood,
Yclep'd *Jack Asses*—stout, and good,
Who ran so desperate and dead a heat,
That none could tell,
'Twas done so well,
Which of this *Donkey* class
Turn'd out the braver *Ass*,
He that did *give*, or he that *won* the Plate!

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT Curragh Races, on Monday the 10th inst. the Kirwan Stakes, 50 guineas each, half forfeit, twenty subscribers, was won by Robert Gore, Esq.'s bay horse Loyal, beating the famous horse Traveller, and nine others, in great style, from the red post home. There were ten to one against Loyal before starting. Loyal also won the nine-stone King's L.100, four-mile heats, on Saturday, beating Gamecock, Jerrysneak, and three others, with much ease. This famous horse broke down last year, and though fired by a common Irish groom, stands sound, and appears still to retain his speed.

DURING the race-week at Manchester, a main of cocks was fought between Sir Watts Horton, Bart. Lister feeder, and Windsor Hunloke, Esq. Walters feeder, which commenced on Monday, and finished on Thursday. The main was won by Walters, two ahead.

AT York Spring Meeting, a main of cocks was fought between H. F. Mellish, Esq. Small feeder, and William Lee, Esq. Potter feeder, for 20gs a battle, and 400gs the main.

Setters—Sunley, for Mr. Mellish; Probin, for Mr. Lee.—Before fighting, betting nearly even. —The following is a complete statement of the fighting—

	Small. M.	B.	*Potter.* M.	B.
Tuesday	3	1	4	1
Wednesday	3	1	4	1
Thursday	1	1	6	1
Friday	3	0	4	2
Saturday	5	0	3	1
	15	3	21	6

A circumstance took place on Thursday in the above fighting, seldom known in cocking—this was, Potter winning the first six main battles running.

IN the race week, at Beverley, a main of cocks was fought between Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. Thompson feeder, and H. F. Mellish, Esq. Collinson feeder, for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main—

	Thompson. M.	B.	*Collinson.* M.	B.
First Day	2	1	3	1
Second	6	3	3	2
Third	6	2	3	3
Fourth	3	0	2	2
	17	6	11	8

A MAIN of cocks was fought at Newton, during the race-week, between the Earl of Derby, Goodhall feeder, and Richard Crosse, Esq.

Esq. Lister feeder, for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main—

	Goodhall.		Lister.	
	M.	B.	M.	B.
Tuesday	5	3	0	2
Wednesday	4	0	2	3
Thurday	9	2	3	2
Friday	4	2	2	1
	22	7	7	8

At Newcastle, in the race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Northumberland, Small feeder, and the Gentlemen of Durham, Lockey feeder, for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main—

	Small.		Lockey.	
	M.	B.	M.	B.
Monday	3	0	5	0
Tuesday	3	0	5	0
Wednesday	3	0	5	0
	9	0	15	0

A grand match of cricket was played at Homerton, on the 12th instant, and following days, between eleven Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, with Beldam, for five hundred guineas a side, which was won by the Mary-le-bone Club by twenty-four runs.

On Wednesday June 20, the grand Cricket Match at Lord's Ground, between eight of the Mary-le-Bone Club and three others, against all England, was determined after three day's contest. The odds were very much in favour of all England at the beginning of the game, it was, however, at length won by the Club, by two runs.

On Saturday evening, the 16th inst. three farmers, residing at Terrington, Yorkshire, going to look after their stock, and a dog accidentally following them, killed a hare near the foot road, which was taken up and thrown over the adjoining hedge, being at least eight feet high. The hare was taken up within a quarter of an hour afterwards, and being paunched, two young hares were turned out with the bowels, one was dead, the other was alive, and carried to a cat newly kittened, and placed with the kitten; the leveret sucked, was acknowledged by its foster mother, and is now well and healthy. The cat and the young leveret have been and are now in the house of Mr. John Hardy of Terrington, near Castle Howard, where they may be seen.

Last month a match was run between Lieutenant Moore, of the Royal Navy, riding his celebrated mule Muley Bey (got by Lord Milford's Spanish ass, out of a blood mare), carrying 16 stone, against Captain Stokes, of the Hants Militia, on foot, over the turnpike road from Milford to Haverford West, which was won by the latter.

The officers of the Rochford Volunteers, in Essex, have devised a good mode to make their men expert shots at the target, by affixing a *bank note* for the *bull's eye*, and giving it as a prize to every man who hits it!

A Noble Lord, lately high in office, and who manifests a strong inclination to be reinstated in his political power, lost at the Union, a few nights back, 4000 guineas before twelve o'clock; but continuing to play, his luck took a turn, and he rose a winner of a thousand before five the next morning!

The affection of the parent bird for its young was never more forcibly exemplified than in the following instance—About the middle of this month, a boy purloined a throstle's nest, near Rockcliffe, and bore his prize towards Carlisle, where he lived. The mother, which had just been separated from her young, with unceasing solicitude

tude pursued them step by step; which the boy and his companion perceiving, frequently put down the nest, when she as constantly resumed her place, refusing to retire until almost grasped by the hand. Thus they travelled on together, until, at the distance of five miles, the boy reached his home, and having taken the nest into the house, the disconsolate parent watched an opportunity, and sprung in at the window: she seated herself as before, and could not be driven thence.

A young man of Winchester undertook, for a trifling wager, to run from the Mitre Inn, in the Square, to the White Horse, in Otterbone, a distance of four miles and a half, in half an hour, which he accomplished half a minute within the time. Many bets were in consequence depending on it; and it was generally supposed, from the extreme inequality of the ground, that he would not perform it.

One of the greatest prodigies at present in this kingdom, is Mr. Samuel Lambert, of Leicester, who is of the enormous weight of forty six stone, twelve pounds, which is about half a hundred weight heavier than the famous Bright, of Malden, in Essex, who had seven men buttoned up in his waistcoat. Mr. Lambert is a man of great benevolence in his situation as master of the County Goal at Leicester; is very active in all the sports of the field, and noted as a very famous feeder of cocks —He had much disliked to let his weight be known, and often objected to being weighed for that purpose; but getting into a post-chaise, by a preconcerted plan of some of his friends, he was taken over a weighing engine, where it was ascertained with the greatest facility, to his no small mortification.

We are informed that an inhabitant of Handsworth, near Sheffield, who is 75 years of age, lately walked 102 miles, without resting more than 36 minutes on the journey. The same man is also said to have lately rode 101 miles on a Welch poney, with only stopping to bait 23 minutes on the road.

An extraordinary wager was lately made by a waterman, that he would swim from Westminster-bridge to Woolwich, with the ebb tide, which by water is supposed to be 15 miles; he swam through the center arch of the three bridges, boats following him, and having reached Limehouse, still displaying vigour, his opponent gave up the wager.

Astley's prize-wherry.—On Monday afternoon, the 11th instant, the fourteenth prize, given in honour of His Majesty's birth day, was rowed for by six watermen, with sculls, in uniform jackets.—The candidates started from Westminster bridge, with the tide, about half past four o'clock. From the time of starting, until they got off Lambeth Church, no manifest advantage was gained by either.—John Boswell, of Deptford, then took the lead, but John Oldfield, by hard pulling, got on the larboard side of him, and *fouled*, which gave Edmund Burch and James Cannon an opportunity to shoot a-head. By this accident Burch arrived first at the winning post; Cannon came in second, and Oldfield third. By Mr. Astley's arrangement, the three first boats that came in were the only ones entitled to start on the second heat for the prizes. About half past five these three again started. By some accident they fouled, which produced some confusion, but the umpires declaring it was necessary to start a-fresh, the contest recommenced. Much skill and dexte-

rity was displayed by the different competitors, but no manifest difference appeared until they passed the boat at Hungerford. Burch by a successful manœuvre, then shot a-head, and maintained his priority to the end of the contest. He came in about two minutes before the second boat, and consequently was the winner of the wherry. Cannon, who was second, received two guineas, and Oldfield one guinea.

However singular it may appear, the following is given to us as a fact:—A private in the second battalion of the Royal Lancashire Militia, now lying at Woodridge barracks, having found two hens' eggs he placed them under a cat that had just kittened, which to his astonishment, in a few days produced two fine chickens: the cat with all the fondness of a mother has, for three weeks, paraded the barracks with her feathered offspring, and given them the protection of a hen — How long this unnatural connexion will continue to exist, it is difficult for us to determine, at present both mother and offspring are doing well.

A few days ago there was taken out of a nest in the rookery a little above Felton Bridge, near Newcastle, a white crow; its bill, legs, claws, and under its wings, are remarkably white; its other parts rather incline to a green colour; its shape, size, and voice, are exactly like those of other crows. There were two more young ones in the nest with it, which differed in nothing from the crow kind.

A very singular instance of affection has recently taken place at the Lodge entering Ickworth park, near Bury, where a cat has suckled and brought up four squirrels, for which she evinced the greatest care and tenderness.

A short time ago, a very singular animal, called a Wild Dog, was caught in a steel trap, and afterwards killed, in the neighbourhood of Balcomb, in Sussex, where he had of late proved extremely injurious to the flocks, by killing a great number of lambs, and tearing the flesh from the bones of others, which he left in a very tortured state alive. He was in size larger than a fox, pug-headed, and clothed with long red hair, essentially like that of a badger. He had been frequently heard to give tongue whilst hunting rabbits, and was extremely shy of being seen. This animal, from the account we have received of him, appears to have been a non-descript, and might have added something new to the class of quadrupeds, had he fallen into the hands of a naturalist.

An extraordinary instance of the sagacity and utility of that useful animal the dog, occurred lately—A gentleman of Newcastle, crossing the Ford, near Netherwitton, was thrown from his horse in the midst of the current, which was then running rapidly; and he would inevitably have perished, not being able to swim, and having a great coat, boots, &c. on, had not a fine young Newfoundland dog, which had followed him from town, leaped into the water, and dragged him safely on shore.

On Tuesday morning, the 12th instant, a horse, fifteen hands and a half high, having got out of his stable, at the Black Horse Inn, in the lower street of Deal, made his way into the passage of the house, and from thence into a front room, in which was a window with the sash thrown up, through which he sprang into the street, notwithstanding the aperture was only two feet six inches high, and two feet eight inches wide.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE TO GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

Written by the Author of the Comedy—Spoken by Mr. J. Palmer.

WHEN spring to summer ripening cheers the day,
And bids the vegetable world be gay;
When London windows every where disclose
The fragrant briar and the blushing rose;
While the warm gale their balmy breath receives,
We venture to put forth our annual leaves.
A nurs'ry this, where flowers of various hue
Depend for nurture, growth, and life, on you;
You, who the opening buds of efforts spare,
And ripen merit by your fost'ring care;
Whate'er may flourish here, 'tis your's alone
To claim the gen'rous harvest, all your own.
In hopes removal may not cause a blight
A trembling scion we transplant to-night
From Covent Garden, on that spot first plac'd,
And by the sunshine of your favour grac'd;
If from its stem no evergreens appear,
Yet has it blossom'd more than once a year;
Nor will it suffer for the change of air,
Your liberality is—every where.
Rear'd by the genial warmth your plaudits give,
Still by their aid the Poet hopes to live.
Then if luxuriant shoots he chance to bear,
Or barren spots offend you here and there,
Let not, untimely nipt by critic frost,
For some poor branches, all the tree be lost:
As skilful gard'ners, while there's hope of life,
Before the axe apply the pruning knife.
This were superfluous, did not custom ask
The Prologue ere we venture on our task,
Proceed we then to trial—that permitted,
With justice here we fall, or stand acquitted.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Written by the Author—Spoken by Mr. Elliston, as a Counsellor.

MY Ladies, Luds, and Ge'men of the Jury,
This cause is not yet finish'd, I assure ye:

Counsellor

Counsellor Critical, who thinks with me,
Moves to shew cause against the Author's plea:
For we can prove, and that with ease, before ye,
These scenes are stolen from a well-known story;
And all the sorrows you heard me relate,
In ev'ry sentence mark the Reprobate,
Who for low characters has searched each novel,
And taken *this here* play from *that there* novel.
If every Scribbler thus his subject chuses,
They'll act next in the Temple of the Muses:
Eastward may all dramatic folks repair,
And Covent Garden quit for Finsbury Square.
While the Minerva Press, with equal gain,
At Leadenhall, will rival Drury Lane.
Besides—this Muse, you must to prison send her;
I've evidence that she's an old offender.
And first I call, her wicked pranks to show,
A very worthy Jew—Abednego!
Come into Court.—"Vel, vat you vant mit me?
I'll shwear de truth, vatever it may be."
"You know this Poet?"—"Know him! I'll engage
He's a great rogue—he brought *me* on de stage
Against ma vill, along mit an old doctor,
And a young shemale; in a bed-room lock'd her
Alone mit me—I, that have got a vife,
And never did such things in all ma life.
I told 'em plain enough, ven all vas done,
I'd take de law a top of every von;
I'll have such damages!—But shtop a bit—
Vere vil it come from, all vat I shall get?
Poor poets pockets are so long in filling,
Dey hardly knows a guinea from a shilling.
And tho' they write so fine, and talk so big—
I vonders how his worship sells his vig!"
"Where's Matthew Motto?"—"Here, Sir, *coram nobis.*"
"You keep an inn?"—"I do—*sic non vobis.*"
"Well, Sir, your evidence; but take good heed,
We can't accept the Will here for the Deed.
Your inn's at Oxford?"—"No, I beg your pardon,
My sign's *cui bono*, Sir, at Covent Garden.
Noli prosequi—I am come to sue
The prisoner."—"How did he injure you?"
"How? *Suaviter in modo*, Sir, he came
Last *sine die*, with sticks, staves, and flame:
My friends insulted;—and, Sir, I'm no joker,
Burnt all their boxes with a red hot poker,
In short, in spite of all he may advance,
Behaved quite *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"
"Call Peter Pullhaul!"—"Vast! my lads, belay?
I knows the lubber that has launch'd this play;
And he'd palaver you, that he made me
Sail in a Cabinet to Italy,
To serve a foreign Court, as if so be
As how that you'd believe a British Tar
Would fly his colours, while his King's at war!
No! while old England calls us to our guns,
On sea or shore, ve, John Bulls, never runs.
And as for Frenchified great Lords, d'ye see,
Ve doesn't mind their Emperors, not ve."
I could, with many more my cause support,
Of characters well known to all the Court:
But, Ge'men, I contend, unless some flaw
Appear in the indictment, law is—law,
And evidence is strong, and fact is fact,
And you, I needn't tell you how to act.
To prove him guilty, I have done my part,
If, trying to amuse you with his art;
And beg most earnestly—I hope I'm right,
He may appear again another night.
When, since with your kind sanction we are greeted,
"Guilty or Not," this Play shall be repeated.

THE

THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

LAST night I received a poetical letter,
Informing me lovely Nannette was much better:
So vast overjoy'd, so elated with glee,
I jump'd up in raptures, and knock'd down my tea;
The tea-pot o'erturn'd with water just boil'd,
And, sad to relate, inexpressibles spoil'd!
All the tea-tackle join'd poor Pill Garlik to bother,
The tea-cups they tumbled one over the other;
The saucers, o'erjoy'd at the sight, now got up,
And each saucer danc'd with his partner the cup;
Then up jump'd the tea-pot, as light as a feather,
When down went cups, saucers, and milk-pot together.
The milk-pot, affrighted, fell into a swoon,
And, shocking to tell, o'erwhelmed the spoon:
'Twas chaos, confusion, a terrible fray,
But some cowardly milk, in a fright run away,
The sugar began for to melt at the sight,
And the milk, that was left, look'd a terrible white;
The plate, with surprise, lay as flat as a flounder,
The tea-caddy, mouth open, stood gaping with wonder;
The loaf tumbled down, and demolish'd a cup,
And his form being heavy he could not get up;
Some butter, alarm'd for its safety, now spread
In kindness, and cover'd the form of the bread;
The knife look'd as sharp as a razor to see,
And the tea-kettle sung out, Tantivy! with glee;
The table shed scalding hot tears thro' each crack;
Puss swore in her passion—they fell on her back;
Little Pompey, reposing on Aunt Grizzle's knee,
Was scalded to death by the steam of some tea;
When misfortune to heighten, and this farce to close,
The sugar tongs fell on the bridge of my nose:
But the tea-board, poor soul, though the only thing quiet,
Lays dead of the blows he receiv'd in the riot.
J. M.

DRINKING SONG.

I'M possess'd—thank my stars—of the faithfullest friend
That e'er blest a mortal below;
Gaily smiling, my cares he disperses like wind,
Such joys does his converse bestow.

If my ill's in the body—though strange it may seem—
His approach gives me instant relief;
If I'm rack'ed by the gout, or devour'd by the spleen,
He quickly can banish my grief.

Unreserv'd, frank, and gen'rous, alike he's to all,
And his aspect bespeaks him divine:
Would you know who he is, Sirs! he's here at my call;
The God Bacchus, his sire, call'd him Wine.

VENATORIUS.

AN OLD SCRAP.

From a Newspaper Seventy Years Old.

AN Irishman coming late into an inn,
Ask'd the maid what meat there was within;
"Cow heels," she answer'd, "and a breast of mutton:"
"Then," quoth the Irishman, "since I'm no glutton,
Either of these shall serve; to-night the breast,
The heels i' th' morning—then light meat is best."
At night he took the breast, and did not pay,
I' th' morning took his heels and ran away.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF SARTORIUS THE ELDER.

[*See Magazine for April, page 3.*]

SARTORIUS is dead, once the pride of the plain;
No more sporting echo repeats
His words; but in silence the woodlands remain,
And hush'd are his rural retreats.

No more the bright dew-drops that sparkle in morn,
Are swept by his swiftness away;
No more the loud halloo, or shrill sounding horn,
Awake to the sports of young day.

Yon willows that weep o'er the fatherless cot,
And shade his cold moss-cover'd grave,
Green emblems of sorrow encircle the spot,
And sigh o'er the tomb of the brave.

Village maidens shall deck with fair flowers that tomb
Where the virtuous friend finds repose;
True tears of affection shall nourish each bloom,
And thornless shall blossom each rose.

Kingsland, June, 1804. J. M.

EPITAPH ON PETER PACK.

IN this plain grave, stretch'd out upon his back,
Peacefully sleeps the corpse of Peter Pack:
Death on a sudden hit him hard a smack,
Which made poor Peter from this world to pack;
Indeed the grim devourer has this knack,
And, in our turns, we must, like Peter, pack.
At this, good folks, look neither blue nor black,
But just for Peter sigh, and cry—Oh! lack!
Then I desire that home in peace you'll pack.

June 2, 1804. J. M. L.

THE REPLY;

OR,

Love not extinguished at Ninety-five.

RETURNING from market, a farmer o'ertook
A very old dame on the road,
Her support was a crutch, with the palsy she shook.
And existence appear'd quite a load.

"Good morrow, old woman," the farmer exclaim'd;
"Old age your weak form has much press'd;
I would ask you, good dame, but am almost asham'd,
The years since with life you was bless'd?"

The toothless old girl mumbled out this reply—
"Why, Sir, as I hope still to thrive,
The years since my birth, which have swiftly past by,
Are just turn'd of ninety and five."

"Then, Goody, one question permit me to ask,
For you can resolve it, I know,
And tell me full truly, nor clothe with a mask
Those thoughts which your answer must shew;

"In connubial joys, as much pleasure is found,
Now tell me, I pray you, outright,
At what time of life do these joys find their bound,
And a woman no more know delight?"

"Lord, Sir!" quoth the dame, with an old woman's grin,
Whilst her wrinkles again fill'd with glee,
"If that's what you want, you must ask it again,
Of some woman *much older than me!*"

June 2, 1804. J. M. L.